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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 18, 1875.

WILKIE COLLINS'S NEW STORY.

☞ *In* Harper's Bazar *for December* 25 *will be commenced the publication of a new and powerful Illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

THE TWO DESTINIES:

A Romance.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The New Magdalen," "The Law and the Lady," "Man and Wife," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc., etc.

This story, by one of the greatest novelists of the age, will be continued from week to week during the coming year. New subscribers for 1876 *will be furnished, on their request, gratuitously, with the* Bazar *containing the commencement of the story.*

NEW SERIAL STORY BY BLACKMORE.

☞ *We shall commence in an early Number of* Harper's Weekly *the publication of a new Serial Story, under the title of*

"CRIPPS THE CARRIER,"

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "The Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," "Alice Lorraine," etc.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a further installment of*

"AN ISLAND PEARL,"

and a page of sketches showing some of the uses of a Target Company.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POSTAL SERVICE.

The report of Postmaster-General Jewell is a clear and business-like statement of the affairs of his department, which, under its present vigorous and efficient administration, has made very satisfactory progress toward economy and perfect working order in all branches of the service. Mr. Jewell displays a most commendable anxiety to promote the public interest, both in the extension of postal facilities and in retrenchment of unnecessary expenditures. His report shows, among other things, a reduction of the deficiency of the postal revenues by more than half a million dollars. On the other hand, the revenues during the last fiscal year, having sympathized with the general depression in all branches of trade, show an increase over those of the preceding year of only 1.13 per cent., the smallest increase for many years. Placing a moderate estimate on the expected revenues for the next fiscal year, Mr. Jewell anticipates a deficiency exceeding eight millions of dollars. This estimate is based upon existing laws and upon the present state of business; but if business should revive, and if the laws in regard to the compensation of postmasters should be modified in accordance with Mr. Jewell's recommendations, he is confident that the deficiency for that year will be very much less than the estimates. As the Post-office is not carried on by the government as a source of revenue, it must necessarily perform a great deal of service at a loss, especially in the scantily settled portions of the South and West; but as it is the means of disseminating intelligence among the people, the country will cheerfully bear the outlay, provided it can feel assured that the money has been judiciously expended, and every economy practiced which can be enforced without injury to the service.

The country will applaud the Postmaster-General's recommendation for the repeal of the odious and unjust law enacted during the closing hours of the last Congress, by which the rate of postage on transient newspapers and periodicals, books, printed matter of all sorts, lithographs and maps, sheet music, photographs, and manuscripts designed for publication was advanced to one cent an ounce, and that the old rate, one cent for two ounces, be restored. There can be little doubt that Congress will adopt a recommendation not only just, but universally demanded by the people.

In regard to the act of June 23, 1874, requiring prepayment of postage on newspapers and periodical publications mailed from known offices of publication or news agencies, and addressed to regular subscribers or news agents, which went into effect on the 1st of January, 1875, Mr. Jewell says that, from present indications, it will realize about $1,000,000 for the first calendar year. This is not a material variation from the average results of the old law, though during the last year in which this latter was in operation the amount was increased by the payment of postage on newspapers circulating within the county of publication—a requirement that was discontinued at the end of one year. "While, therefore," Mr. Jewell adds, "there has been no increase in the aggregate receipts, there has been a larger net gain by saving the commissions on collections allowed by the old law, as under the present law the great bulk of postage is paid at the large offices, whose salaries are not affected by this item. Under the old law there was no check to insure collections at the office of destination, and the consequence was that much matter went unpaid, and it is a satisfaction that under the present more equitable mode the universal collections have made up for the reduction in the rates." So admirable has been the working of the new system in all its results that Mr. Jewell recommends that no change be made—a course which will give general satisfaction.

Mr. Jewell repeats the recommendation made by his predecessor in his annual report for 1873, that any person be permitted, without additional charge, to write a form of presentation in any book, pamphlet, magazine, periodical, or any other matter of the third class; and also that the sender of any package be permitted, without additional charge, to write his name and address on the outside thereof, with the word "from" above or preceding the same, so as to inform the person addressed of the name of the sender, and to write briefly on any package the number and name of the articles inclosed. The adoption of this recommendation by Congress is certainly demanded by popular sentiment, and no adequate reason can be urged against it.

While we heartily commend these suggestions of the Postmaster-General, and others looking to the proper adjustment of the commissions paid to postmasters of the fourth class on the sale of stamps, and in regard to the services required of postmasters in small cities, designed to check the increasing ratio of the expenses of the department, we must dissent from his views in regard to subsidies to American mail-carrying steamers. He calls attention to the "humiliating" fact that "but one line of steamers carrying our flag is employed in conveying mails across the Atlantic, and none whatever to South America," and he believes that "the payment of a moderate mail compensation in excess of the postages now allowed under the provisions of the general law would enable our citizens to establish and maintain steam-ship lines across the Atlantic and to South American ports which would prove remunerative to the proprietors, and promote the general prosperity of the country." Mr. Jewell suggests that the subsidy of half a million dollars, now paid to the China and Japan line, but which will expire next December, "would, in addition to the postages on the mails conveyed, be quite sufficient, judiciously apportioned between the respective routes, to maintain an efficient mail service by steamers sailing under our flag on all the important ocean routes which should be occupied by American steamers." We trust Congress will not favor this suggestion. It is not the province of the government to become the partner of private managers. Mr. Jewell's recommendation would, if adopted, be the signal for lobby intrigue and debauch, and we doubt very much if the "necessary expenses" at Washington would leave the steam-ship lines any thing of the small sum which he believes would build up an efficient American ocean mail service.

It is gratifying to observe that no serious differences of opinion have occurred during the past year between the Post-office Department and the railroads. There is full accord between the former and the railroad managers, who offer all the facilities at their command to advance the interests of the department. The establishment of fast mail-trains within the last few months has given a new impetus to the railway postal service and new facilities to the business of the country. The railway postal trains, which have been placed on one of the most important lines, under the entire control of the Post-office Department, and carrying no passengers, constitute one of the most valuable of the many improvements made in the service under Mr. Jewell's management.

AN HONEST MAN JUSTIFIED.

A story was lately published that the late Secretary Seward at a dinner in Paris had spoken very harshly of Mr. C. E. Habicht, formerly and for many years consul-general of Sweden and Norway in this country. The ground of Mr. Seward's remark was Mr. Habicht's alleged connection with an effort to screen rebel property during the war. Those, however, who knew him knew his sincere and generous sympathy with the government; and his large circle of friends in this country will be glad to know that Mr. Habicht has sent to the *Herald* a simple statement of the facts, which wholly relieve him of any suspicion of misconduct. Mr. Habicht says:

"In regard to the expression said to have been made use of by Mr. Seward respecting myself, I have to state that my exequatur as consul of Sweden and Norway at New York was withdrawn by the President on the 26th March, 1866, without giving me any previous notice, on the ground that I had purchased and stored cotton in New Orleans, and thereby screened rebel property, when, in fact, the cotton in question had been reported by me to the War Department in Washington with the fullest details, and the War Department had given me written permission thus to store the cotton, and agreed to give it the protection of the United States government. All the documents relative to the transaction were actually on file in the War Department when my exequatur was withdrawn, and on my referring to the same and producing the permission given me by the War Department, and a searching and thorough investigation, which I demanded, having been made under General Schriver, of Albany, by order of the United States government, my justification was established, and my exequatur was returned to me on the 30th of May, 1866, two months after its withdrawal, and the official document of restoration was signed by Mr. Seward himself, as will appear from the following announcement in the Washington *Republican* of that date."

The official copy of the order of the President, countersigned by Mr. Seward, and restoring the exequatur, follows, declaring that Mr. Habicht is "effectually relieved from charges of unlawful and unfriendly conduct." His own government honored him still further; and certainly an upright officer, a loyal friend, and an accomplished gentleman was never more unjustly suspected.

THE A B C OF FINANCE;

OR, THE MONEY QUESTION FAMILIARLY EXPLAINED TO EVERY-DAY PEOPLE, IN NINE SHORT AND EASY LESSONS.

By Professor S. NEWCOMB.

No doubt the reader thinks he knows nothing about the money question, and that it is quite beyond his understanding. If he has ever tried to learn any thing, he has been so bewildered by opposing theories and opposing assertions as to feel that he knew less than he did before. He is, therefore, quite ready to leave the question to the politicians, and to vote on it as they think best.

This ought not to be. Of course there are many profound financial principles which can not be fully seen through without careful study, but in the issues now before the people only the A B C of the subject is involved. To understand them one only needs arithmetic enough to keep an account of the money he receives and spends, and common-sense enough not to buy a lottery ticket because just the very pair of trotting horses he wants are to be drawn in the lottery. The difficulty has been that writers and speakers dive so deeply into the principles of constitutional law and the functions of government that plain people can not clearly follow them; and thus the said people are in the best state of mind to become the dupes of wild theorists and scheming politicians. It is the duty of every man to study the subject, in order that he may be prepared to vote intelligently. I shall endeavor to present so much of it as is involved in present issues in such a form that every one possessed of the measure of knowledge and sense just indicated shall clearly understand it.

As a first step, two things must be *unlearned*. There are two entirely groundless ideas prevalent respecting the value of money, which have no more real foundations than the notions about witchcraft which prevailed a couple of centuries ago, and on which a large part of the fallacies of the subject is founded. Until these ideas are, so to speak, unlearned, no progress is possible.

LESSON I.—ONE DOLLAR.

The first idea to which I allude is, that if any thing is called a dollar by act of Congress, if every one passes and accepts it as a dollar, it must therefore have a definite and fixed value, and be for all practical purposes just as good as a gold dollar. You think, perhaps, that a dollar must be worth just one dollar, and neither more nor less; how, then, can its value be uncertain? I answer that two kinds of dollars can differ from each other in value just as much as two loaves of bread can in size and quality. You know very well, for instance, that during the past ten years our paper dollar has been worth from five to thirty per cent. less than the gold dollar. To explain the matter fully, I must perhaps be a little abstruse, and therefore ask a closer attention than I will elsewhere.

When I say that a paper dollar can have no definite and fixed value, I mean that it can not be insured to buy you any fixed and definite quantity of the necessaries of life. Money has no value at all except for the things it will buy; you can neither eat it, drink it, nor wear it; nor can you even gain interest on it while it remains in your pocket. What you want of it is to buy things to eat, drink, and wear, and the number of these things it will buy, and not the number of dollars, is the measure of its value. You would not give a fig for a pocketful of dollars if you could buy only the half of a fig with them. If this year you had supported your family on five hundred dollars, but next year it should require one thousand dollars, because, on the average, prices had doubled, people would say that the value of every thing was twice as great as before. But this would be an incorrect use of language. Really your dollars are worth only half as much as before.

All the difficulty of this matter arises from the fact that *value* is something which can not be seen nor felt. If Congress should enact that all the foot and yard measures of the country should be made of a kind of rubber which would shrink to nine inches in the course of a few months, but which were nevertheless stamped "One foot, by act of Congress," or "One yard," as the case might be, every body would see at a glance how ridiculous it would be to require every one to buy and sell by such measures. If a man should boast of having grown a foot and a half in the course of a year, because last year he measured only five feet, while with the new India rubber measures he was now six feet and a half by act of Congress, his neighbors would laugh at him. The fact that every body might call the new rubber measures one foot, and might buy and sell by them, would not, in the view of any sensible man, make them as long as the old foot rules.

The reason that these India rubber measures would look so much more ridiculous than similar dollars is simply that their deficiency in length is obvious to the eye, whereas the depreciation of the dollar is not obvious. In reality, calling a thing one dollar, and legalizing it as such, no more makes it the equivalent of a gold dollar, or of any thing else in value, than calling it a foot will make it a foot long, no matter what its real length may be. But we can not see nor feel the depreciation of the dollar as we would see the shortening of the foot measure. We become aware of it only by the general rise of prices, and the general increase in the cost of living. This rise of prices, however, proves the depreciation in the same way that the little man measuring six feet six in his stockings would prove that the foot-rule with which he was measured was too short.

If, now, the reader will hereafter remember that "dollar" is only a word, not a thing; that calling a thing a dollar does not change its nature, and does not make it worth twenty-three grains of gold, any more than calling a piece of paper a horse, and having it declared and stamped a horse by act of Congress, would make it draw a carriage—if, I say, he will permanently remember this, he will have taken the first great step toward comprehending the financial question.

LESSON II.—VALUE CAN NOT BE GIVEN BY GOVERNMENT.

The second notion to be unlearned is intimately associated with the former one. It is that governments possess some wonderful power of giving value to money, which every one must admit, but which no one can explain. Widely as this notion is extended, it is as pure a superstition as was the old notion that a witch could make her enemy sick by secretly making a wax image of him, and then by sticking pins into it, roasting it before the fire, and otherwise torturing it, could make him suffer corresponding tortures. The disproof of this theory by an appeal to facts is easy and conclusive. Every man of intelligence knows that the coined money of all nations is worth only the gold which is in it, except that the coin bears a slight premium, owing to the certainty that it is the real metal, whereas the gold may have to be assayed, and the cost of the assay must be deducted from its value. In other words, the coined money may bear a premium over the mere bullion equal to the cost of coinage. The stamp of government goes for absolutely nothing, except a certificate of the weight and quality of the metal.

Now, if the common notion were correct, the coin might be vastly more valuable than the crude bullion out of which it was made, the premium depending on how great and powerful a nation put its stamp on it. But all nations are here on a dead level; their stamps, one and all, go for just nothing, so far as giving value is concerned. The dollars of the poorest South American States, the sovereigns of England, the napoleons of France, and the gold bars fresh from the mines without any government stamp upon them, all exchange in the markets of the world according to the amount of gold in them, and nothing else. This fact is a conclusive refutation of the opinion that government can confer value on any thing by its stamp.

LESSON III.—THE VALUE OF PAPER MONEY.

With these two ideas unlearned, we are in a proper state of mind to inquire what gives value to paper money. You know that practically far the greater part of the business of the world is carried on by using paper or credit instead of gold. Only an insignificant fraction of mercantile payments are made by actually counting out gold. If one merchant has to pay another a

thousand dollars in gold, he simply hands him a check for the amount, which the second merchant, perhaps, passes over to some one else. Here is a piece of paper, of no value whatever in itself, passed from hand to hand just as if its value were a thousand gold dollars. How is this? Can we say with correctness that the check has any real value? The answer is clear and simple. The value does not reside in the check itself, but in the 23,200 grains (say three pounds avoirdupois) of gold to which the holder of the check is entitled, and which he knows the bank is able and ready to pay him. That is all. If the bank is not bound to pay the check, no matter how many dollars may be marked on it, no matter how beautiful the engraving, it is worth nothing. If the check is not payable in gold, but in greenbacks, then it is worth not a thousand dollars in gold, but only in greenbacks. So it is with all the commercial paper money of the world, which circulates in such enormous quantities in place of money. Its sole basis is that responsible men are bound to pay it, and its only value depends upon the weight of the gold to which it entitles the holder, no matter whether it is called pounds, francs, or dollars.

Observe carefully that it is not sufficient that the paper "represents" so much gold, or that the firm which issues it is very wealthy or powerful. The holder of the paper must have an acknowledged right to the gold, which the bank is not going to dispute. If there is any doubt whether he himself, or any one to whom he may pass the check, will be able to get the gold for it, then the check will be depreciated. If it is certain that no one can ever get the gold for it, its value will be just that of a pretty picture for the children to play with, no matter how strongly it may be declared to represent a thousand dollars.

Now, with a single exception, which we shall consider presently, the value of government paper money is determined in precisely the same way with that of mercantile paper. In itself it has no value at all. Congress may stamp it one dollar or one hundred dollars, but unless it entitles the owner to claim something, it is a mere piece of paper. If the owner can actually get a gold dollar with it, it is worth a gold dollar; otherwise it will be more or less depreciated in value, according to the hope of future payment which the holders may entertain. Of course Congress can make every one call it a dollar and receive it under that name, but we have seen in the first lesson that this does not give it real value—that is, purchasing power. If any one is compelled to take it, he simply puts up the price of every thing he has to sell in proportion to the depreciation of the paper, so that the result is the same as if the paper passed at a discount.

We must now point out a fallacy by which the supporters of irredeemable paper money often try to get round these considerations. It is said that the greenbacks, or their proposed paper dollars, are to be issued "on the credit of the nation," and therefore must have value in proportion to that credit, even if the nation does not redeem them.

The word "credit" is here used in some peculiar sense, which no one can fully explain, wholly different from its commercial sense. In the world of business, "credit" includes the ability and the obligation to pay all demands in cash as they become due. A man or a firm that can not do this has no credit, however excellent it may be in other respects. Suppose you should be traveling in a distant city, and, going to the cashier of your hotel for change, he hands you a ten-dollar bill on the banking firm of Spread, Brothers, & Co.

"Are you sure this bill is good?" you inquire.

"Good as gold, Sir; the firm of Spread, Brothers, & Co. is the greatest in this State, possessed of unbounded wealth, and its operations extend over the whole globe."

"Then," you reply, "I suppose if I take this bill to their counter, they will pay it?"

"Pay it! Why, no, Sir; you would be hooted by the small boys in the street, and laughed at by Spread's clerks. The credit of the firm is so excellent, and all its debts so well secured by real estate and bonds worth millions of dollars, that both the firm and the community concluded, ten or twelve years ago, that there was not the slightest need of their redeeming their bills, and they are never going to do it."

"I don't understand that kind of credit. In my State, credit paper is something which the party issuing is bound to pay when required; and if he does not pay, he has no credit, no matter how rich he is."

"Of course twopenny firms must pay. But we claim that a firm so great, powerful, and wealthy as that of Mr. Spread need not pay."

"Well, Sir," you would reply, "I don't see what difference it makes to me how wealthy Spread's firm is, or how well their paper is secured, if I can't get any of their wealth in exchange for my bill. I always thought the advantage of having the paper of a wealthy firm was that it was surer to be paid; but if the richer the firm, the less the need of paying, I would rather have the bill of some smaller house."

"Ah, you know nothing about finance, I see; and I'll get you some foreign money rather than argue further with you."

If a hotel cashier should talk in this way to you, you would be a little puzzled to say whether he was joking or in earnest. And yet great statesmen do argue in just that way about our greenbacks. There are bills to the amount of four hundred millions of dollars afloat, reading, "*The United States will pay the bearer —— dollars.*" Yet if you should take one of these bills to the government's counter, asking that this promise be redeemed, the clerks would laugh at you. A year or two since some one did this very thing, and the newspapers speculated on the man's sanity, while a Treasury official thought he was only trying to make himself notorious. If a politician tries to justify permanent non-payment, he will talk about the credit and wealth of the nation exactly as the hotel clerk talked about Spread, Brothers, & Co. Now, it will be a very profitable mental exercise if the reader will ask himself what is meant by the promise, "*The United States will pay the bearer —— dollars;*" and if, also, for each theory of the subject he may form, he will consider how it will look for a banking firm to put that same interpretation on its promises. To give the reader time to think this matter over, I will here close this lesson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW BOOKS.

One of the most important books of the year is Dr. Van-Lennep's *Bible Lands* (Harper & Brothers), illustrated with upward of 350 wood-engravings and two colored maps. The work is designed to show the modern customs and manners of the people of the countries where the events narrated in the Scriptures took place, especially the Oriental lands. Rightly judging, from the unchanging character of the Eastern nations, that the manners and customs of to-day would illustrate the Scriptures more forcibly than could be done in any other way, the author passed many years in the East, gathering together, verifying, and arranging the materials for this remarkable work. It is a fortunate circumstance that this labor has been performed before the effects of the introduction of railroads, steamboats, and other features of modern civilization had begun to be felt among the people of the Bible lands. When Dr. Van-Lennep was prosecuting his researches the East was still the East of the patriarchs. A change is already in progress, and before many years have passed away many characteristic features of life and landscape will become things of memory. Every student of the Bible will thank the author of *Bible Lands* for securing and presenting in a shape so convenient for reference so rich a store of valuable information. It is a work indispensable to clergymen and Sunday-school teachers, and private students of the Bible will find it one of the most important aids they can have to a clear understanding of the Scriptures.

It would be difficult to find in the whole range of fairy literature a more beautiful or fascinating book than Virginia W. Johnson's *Catskill Fairies* (Harper & Brothers)—a volume in which young and old can equally take delight. Miss Johnson possesses an affluent and charming fancy, and a power of invention which rivals that of Hans Christian Andersen. She has created a fairy mythology for the Catskills, among whose romantic valleys and picturesque peaks her sprites and gnomes are as much at home as if they had emigrated thither hundreds of years ago, when their kindred were banished from their English and Scottish haunts. But Miss Johnson's fairy people are not *émigrés*. They are creatures of the New World and her own delightful imagination. The volume is beautifully illustrated by Alfred Fredricks, and the publishers have given it an elegant and tasteful holiday dress. It stands without a rival among books that claim attention as presents for Christmas time.

Will Carleton's *Farm Legends*, just published by Harper & Brothers as a companion volume to his popular *Farm Ballads*, can not fail to receive a hearty welcome from the public. The pathos and healthful tone of the *Farm Ballads* are distinguishing traits of the *Farm Legends*, which are in every respect worthy of their predecessors. The volume is profusely illustrated from designs by Sol Eytinge, Jun., Reinhart, and other artists, and is very attractive in its type and binding.

Americans have rarely had a more pleasant and entertaining book on England offered them than Mr. E. S. Nadal's *Impressions of London Social Life* (Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.). Mr. Nadal writes as a man of society who has lived abroad without losing his distinctive American sentiment, but also without the narrowness of view which leads so many of our countrymen to measure every thing in England by an American standard. Not that he sees every thing *couleur de rose*. His masterly exposition of "British presumption" must be any thing but agreeable to English readers, because it is so true of a very large class of Englishmen. Mr. Nadal's style is fresh and easy, enlivened with frequent touches of dry humor, and he treats the reader to some admirable passages of description.

A very beautiful book for the holidays, or any other season, is the new illustrated edition of Whittier's *Mabel Martin* (J. R. Osgood & Co.). A part of this exquisite poem was published many years ago; it now appears complete, adorned with a profusion of admirable wood-engravings from designs by Mary A. Hallock and Thomas Moran, the same artists who last year made the illustrations for Longfellow's *Hanging of the Crane*. The poem relates a simple, tender, and beautiful love story of the old days of witchcraft in New England, and well deserves the attractive dress in which it is issued for the holiday season. The illustrations are of the highest artistic merit, the landscapes being from the pencil of Mr. Moran, while Miss Hallock has treated the figures with her accustomed grace and delicacy, and with greater force of drawing than any of her previous work presents. The engraving has been admirably done by the skillful hand of Mr. A. V. S. Anthony.

The same publishers have also issued Bayard Taylor's *Home Pastorals, and Other Poems*. The volume comprises Mr. Taylor's poems which have appeared in various periodicals since 1862, and which are now for the first time collected. Besides the Home Pastorals, it contains ballads, lyrics, and odes, including the admirable ode written for the hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birthday. The collection displays the fertility and the wide scope of Mr. Taylor's genius, and leads the reading public to hope that he will not allow so long a time to pass before giving it another volume.

There are no critical essays on art superior to those of Taine in clearness of thought and judgment, and we are glad to see that his American publishers, Henry Holt & Co., have issued them in one convenient volume. The translation is admirably done by Mr. John Durand.

The "Bric-à-Brac Series" (Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.), edited with so much ability by Mr. R. H. Stoddard, has now reached its tenth volume, the last being selections from Constable and Gillies. It comprises personal recollections of Campbell, Godwin, Anna Seward, James Hogg, Mackenzie, Maturin, De Quincey, Goethe, and many others. These ten volumes form a very interesting library by themselves, and are just the kind of books one likes to take up when one has a few minutes' leisure for reading. Every page offers something entertaining.

Few books of biography possess greater interest than a volume just published by Harper & Brothers under the title of *John Todd: the Story of his Life, told mainly by himself*. The work is compiled and edited by the Rev. John E. Todd, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, New Haven, Connecticut, who has performed his task with remarkable ability. Dr. Todd's life was one of singular interest. Though much engaged in controversial writing, in which he gained the reputation of a zealous and vehement polemic, he was a man of great tenderness of feeling, fond of social and domestic life, and endowed with a strong love of nature. His life, as the title of the book imports, is to a great degree autobiographical, compiled from his letters and other writings referring directly to himself, and abounding with minute and familiar details of his daily life, which exhibit the character of the man with the fidelity of a photograph. The work is rich in the portrayal of New England life and character, and can not fail to interest a very wide circle of readers.

Roberts Brothers have just published a new collection of the poems of Jean Ingelow, illustrated by Arthur Hughes, Mary A. Hallock, Sol Eytinge, Jun., G. Perkins, F. O. C. Darley, and other artists. The volume is entitled *The Shepherd Lady, and other Poems*. The poem which gives its name to the volume is an allegory signifying Christ's legacy of His flock to the Church. The illustrations to this poem, by Mr. Hughes, belong to the pre-Raphaelite school of art, and give the book a unique character.

PERSONAL.

At the recent St. Andrew's dinner in this city the Rev. Dr. Taylor, in speaking to the "Poetry of Scotland," paid a grateful tribute to Lord Houghton for his generous treatment of David Gray, the Kirkintulloch poet. The noble lord gathered together the death-bed sonnets of that young weaver boy, and published them with an appreciative biographical sketch, and at the late meeting of the Social Science Congress, in Glasgow, he found time to go out and visit the poet's mother and look upon his grave, which his lordship's liberality had helped to mark with an appropriate tomb. All this is only in keeping with Lord Houghton's character, for he has been, more than any other man of his age in England, the Mæcenas of struggling men of genius.

—Lord Derby says that no man in a public position can adequately discharge the duties that devolve upon him without female sympathy and co-operation. Who could doubt it?

—Seth Green expresses the belief, based upon long personal experience, that the most effective hook for trout in fly-fishing, and one which he always uses, is made from a strong needle, annealed, bent, and tempered, and consequently without a barb. He asserts that only in this way can a really sharp hook be obtained, that the tension of the rod is amply sufficient to keep such a hook in its place, and that a very gentle stroke will fix the keen point in the mouth of the fish.

—Theodore Thomas has accepted the post of musical director of the ceremonies for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition. There is probably no man in the country so admirably qualified to give *éclat* to that performance as Mr. Thomas. His orchestra is the finest ever gathered together in America, and he is incomparably our best leader.

—Judge Holt, formerly Postmaster-General, and for several years past Judge-Advocate-General of the United States Army, has been retired, upon his own application, and is succeeded by Assistant Judge-Advocate William M'Kee Drum. There will be no appointment of Assistant Judge-Advocate-General, Congress having passed a law at the last session providing for the abolition of that office when it should become vacant.

—Speaking of the Hon. M. C. Kerr, the Erie (Pennsylvania) *Observer* says that he spent his early years in Erie, and received his education at the academy there. His wife was a Miss Coover, an Erie school-mistress, and the *Observer* says: "They were privately married directly after he graduated, and when he was about eighteen years of age, the lady being a few years older. Immediately after he left for the West, and the marriage was kept secret until he returned for his bride, about two years afterward. In the interval she had fallen out of a window of Wright's Block, and received injuries which blemished her face somewhat, but did not cripple her, as has been reported. The match proved to be extremely fortunate, although at the time, on account of the disparity of years, it was looked upon, by those who attend to other people's business better than to their own, as an odd and unequal one."

—Mr. Thurlow Weed gives an interesting reminiscence of the late Vice-President Wilson, who visited him less than a month since, when on his way to Washington. "We talked about his being a candidate for the Presidency," said Mr. Weed, "and I saw that his whole heart was enlisted. For the last year or two his ambition got the better of his judgment. Like most men spoken of for the Presidency, the thought came to possess him. It was his misfortune, not an offense. Mr. Wilson showed nervousness during the last year, and this ambition aggravated the disease. If he had been nominated and elected, he would have died in the hour of victory, and the disappointment of a defeat in Convention or at the polls would likewise have killed him. The judgment of posterity will be that he was a second Roger Sherman, and a statesman. He was occasionally closely allied with Thaddeus Stevens. He admired Stevens in a qualified sense. Mr. Wilson was always trying to hold Sumner back, to modify his views, and make him more practical. The country will always overestimate Sumner, I think, though I dislike to say it. Wilson was more useful than Sumner, though not so cultivated. I think his great work on the *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power* displays wonderful ability, research, and clear judgment. He never visited me without talking about his book, and frequently read me portions of the manuscript. When last here he said it was his intention to complete his volume this winter. The hope of completing the work buoyed him up during the last hour. He went to Saratoga during the summer to write, but became weary and went South. I think the Presidential question troubled him. He had a great pride in feeling that his book was the work which would make his name live in history, and that it would become the standard work on the great question to which he gave the best part of his life."

—We are informed that there was a misapprehension in the notice in the "Personals" of Mr. B. P. Blood's lecture entitled "The Duplex Mystery." The words therein attributed to Professor Tayler Lewis referred to Mr. Blood's lecture on "Napoleon."

—Ira Harris, who died at Albany, December 2, was born in Montgomery County, New York, in 1802. He graduated at Union College in 1824; became a lawyer; went to the Legislature in 1844; was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1845, and also of the Convention of 1867; was a judge of the Supreme Court from 1847 to 1860, and United States Senator from 1862 to 1868. For many years he has been a prominent layman of the Baptist Church.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway is delivering a very interesting series of lectures in the large hall of the Masonic Temple, in this city. The first lecture (Friday, December 10) is devoted to the subject of "Demonology," and is illustrated with unique outline drawings on canvas. One drawing is a figure from an antique gem about 2500 years old, representing Satan. Another, still more ancient, but the date uncertain, is a representation of Beelzebub. Both of these are Assyrian. There are several other drawings of great interest illustrative of the subject. The second lecture (December 11) is on "St. George and the Dragon," with illustrations from early Greek coins of Hercules slaying the Hydra and Bellerophon and the Chimæra. The third lecture (December 12) gives an account of the origin and development of Oriental religions, illustrated by a diagram showing their pedigree and intermixture. Mr. Conway has just returned from a very successful lecture tour in the West. He has devoted special study to the preparation of this series, and those who listen to them will enjoy a rare intellectual treat.

FLIGHT OF WILLIAM M. TWEED.

William M. Tweed, the notorious "Ring" robber, escaped from the custody of the sheriff of this county on Saturday, 4th inst. Nominally under restraint in the Ludlow Street Jail, Tweed, since his committal there, has really been allowed to go about the city as he pleased, in company with his keepers. On the day of his escape he went out as usual with two officials. Their story is that after the greater part of the day had been spent in driving about to various places, late in the afternoon Tweed expressed a desire to see his wife, who, he said, was very sick. The party drove to the house, and all three entered and took seats in the parlor, where they were met by one of Tweed's sons. Tweed asked to be allowed to go up stairs to see his wife. Permission was given, and he went. After waiting about ten minutes for his return, the officer suggested to young Tweed that he should go up and tell his father that the time was up and they must return to jail. The son went up stairs, but in less than three minutes returned with the startling intelligence that his father had gone. Telegrams were sent out at once to all the police stations, and officers were sent in hot pursuit, but up to the time of this writing no tidings have been heard of the fugitive.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The steamer *Sunnyside*, of the Citizens' Line, running between Troy and New York, while struggling through the ice on her downward trip, off West Park, on the night of the 1st inst., had a hole stove in her side, and sank in thirty feet of water. There were but few passengers on board, but of these and the crew fifteen were drowned.

The Isthmus Canal Commissioners appointed by the President have reported in favor of the Panama and Nicaragua route as the most practicable. The estimated cost is $66,000,000.

The Philadelphia Navy-yard was sold by auction on the 2d for $1,000,000. It is said to have been purchased for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

The public debt statement of the United States for November shows a further reduction of $480,078.

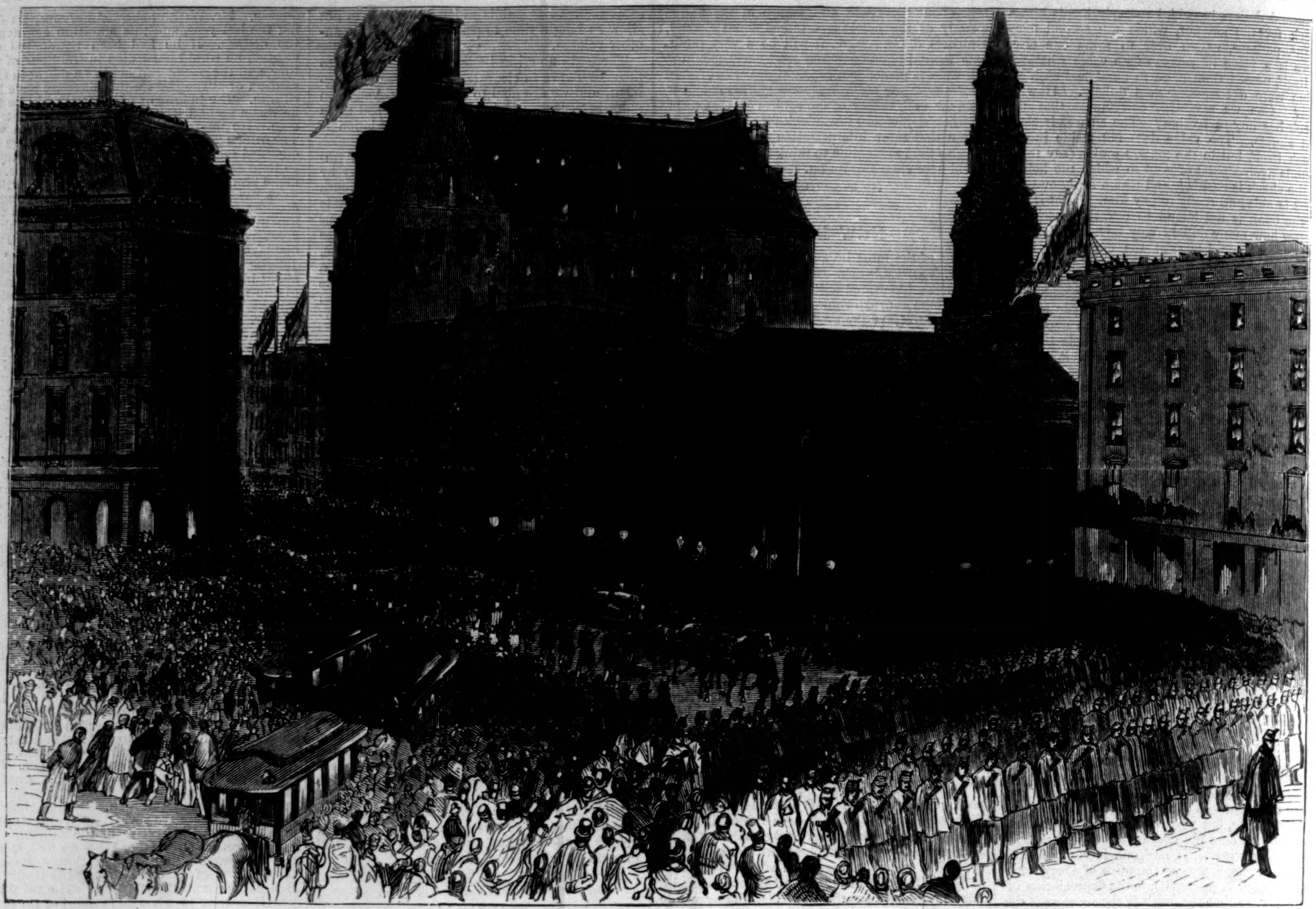
FOREIGN NEWS.

The new Spanish cabinet took the oath of office on the 2d. The names of the new ministers are as follows: Canovas del Castillo as President of the Ministerial Council; Calderon Collantes as Minister of Foreign Affairs; Martin Herrera as Minister of Justice; Toreno as Minister of Public Works. The other heads of departments remain unchanged. Collantes was offered the mission to Rome, but declined it, being unable to leave the city on account of domestic affairs. He was then transferred from the Ministry of Justice to that of Foreign Affairs.

A special telegram from Madrid to the London *Daily News* gives the contents of the recent Spanish note to the United States. Spain, it is said, promises the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Cuba and increased freedom of commerce. Besides, foreigners, when arrested, shall have an immediate hearing, and legal redress shall be obtainable for past injuries.

The authorities of Toledo, Spain, have closed the Protestant church there, and expelled the pastor and school-master.

The French Assembly, on the 30th ult., finally adopted the Electoral Bill, including the clause providing for voting by *arrondissements*, by a vote of 532 to 87. The bill was amended so as to grant the right of representation to all the colonies except Cayenne and Senegal.

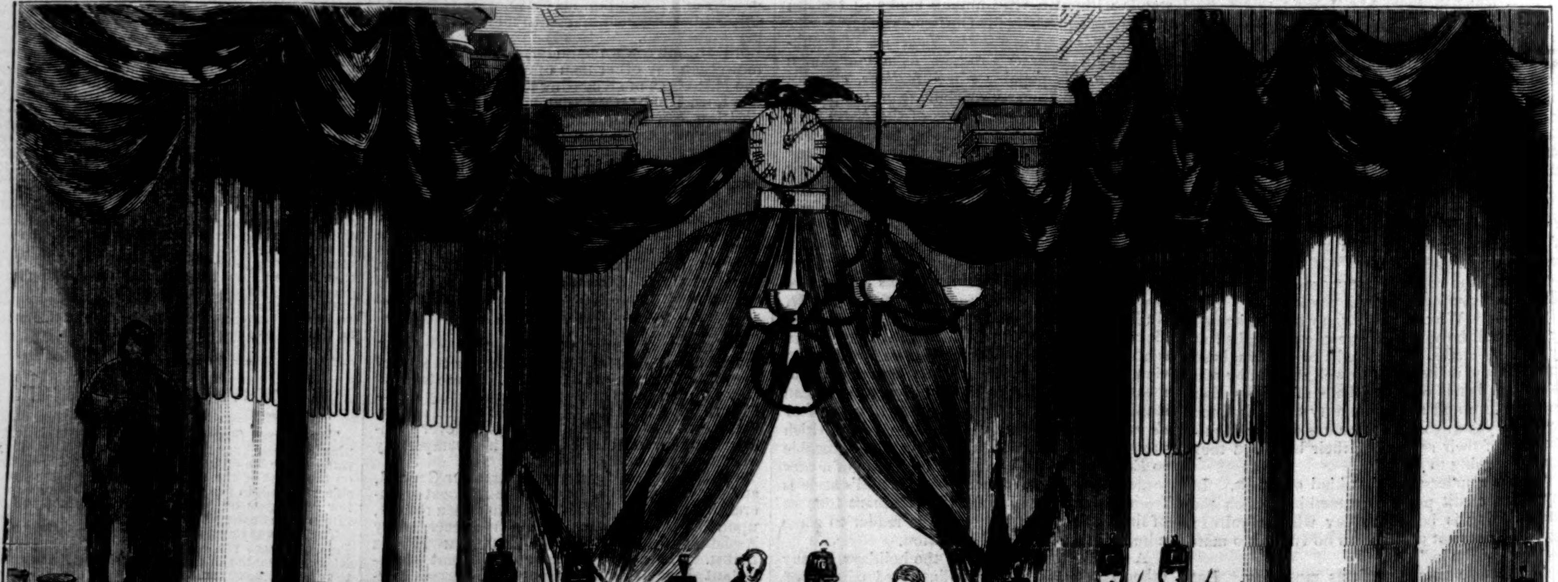


OBSEQUIES OF HENRY WILSON—THE PROCESSION PASSING ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

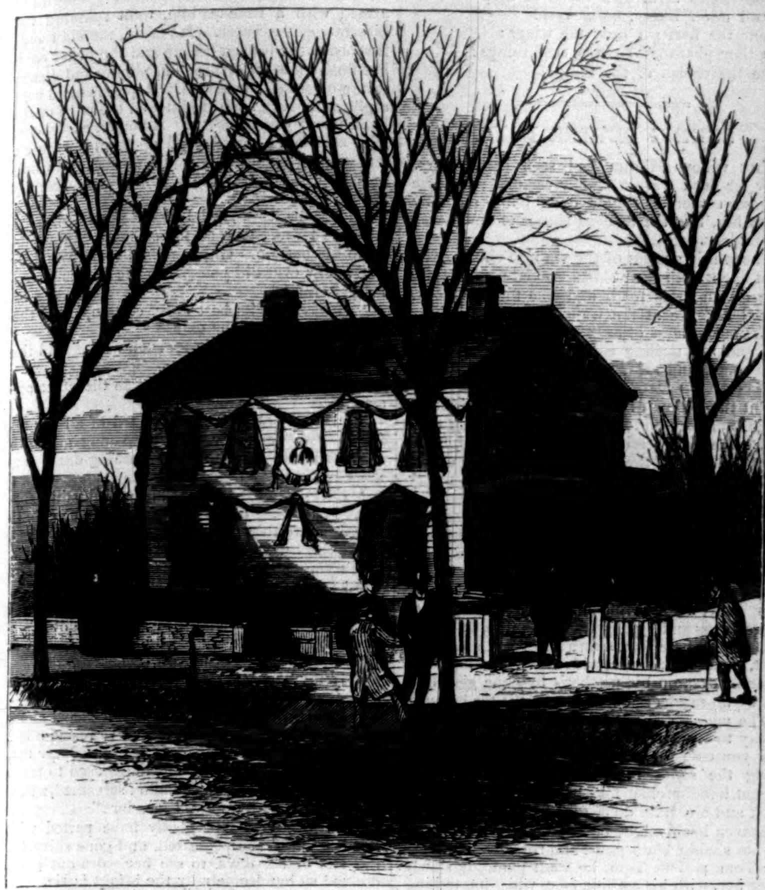
HENRY WILSON.

THE mortal remains of the lamented Vice-President, HENRY WILSON, were interred in the family cemetery at Natick, Massachusetts, on the 1st inst. The funeral ceremonies, beginning at Washington November 26, were of the most imposing character. Thousands of people thronged the streets of the principal cities on the route of the procession, and manifested the profoundest respect for the honored dead.

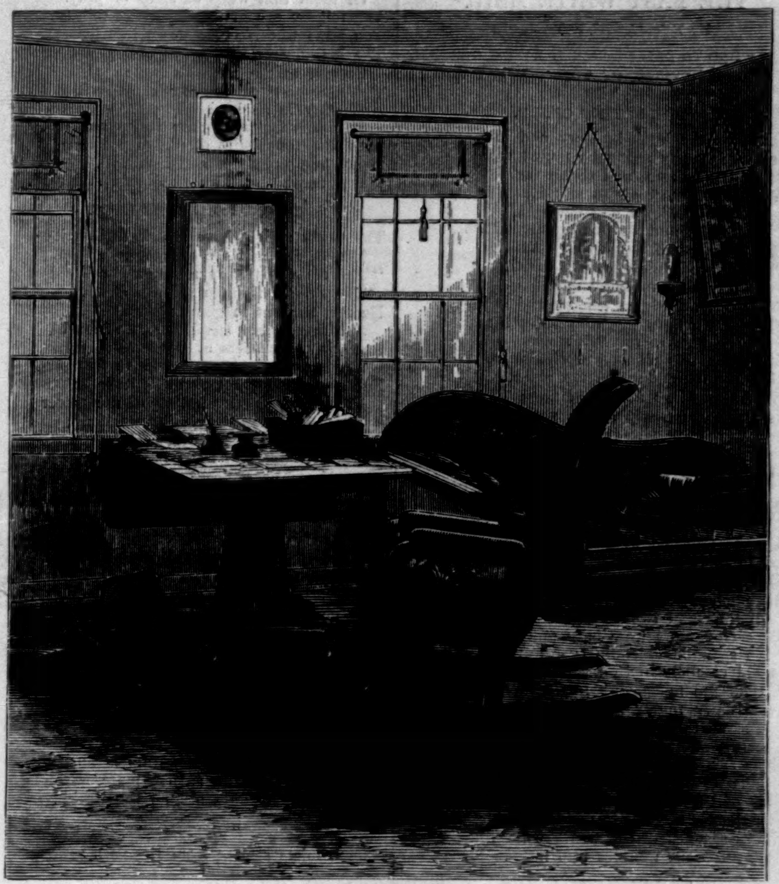
In this city all the flags were at half-mast, and guns were fired at the Brooklyn Navy-yard during the march from the ferry. Our artist has sketched the scene opposite St. Paul's Church and the *Herald* building, on Broadway. By the time this point was reached it was quite dark, and the street lamps and windows were lighted, giving a weird aspect to the procession. The steady tramp of the soldiers, with arms reversed and colors draped, the measured beat of muffled drums, and the melancholy strains of the funeral dirge, with the booming of the cannon and the tolling of the bell in old St. Paul's, made up a



OBSEQUIES OF HENRY WILSON—THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN DORIC HALL, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY ROBERT LEWIS.]



HENRY WILSON'S LATE HOME AT NATICK, MASSACHUSETTS.



HIS FAVORITE "WORKSHOP."

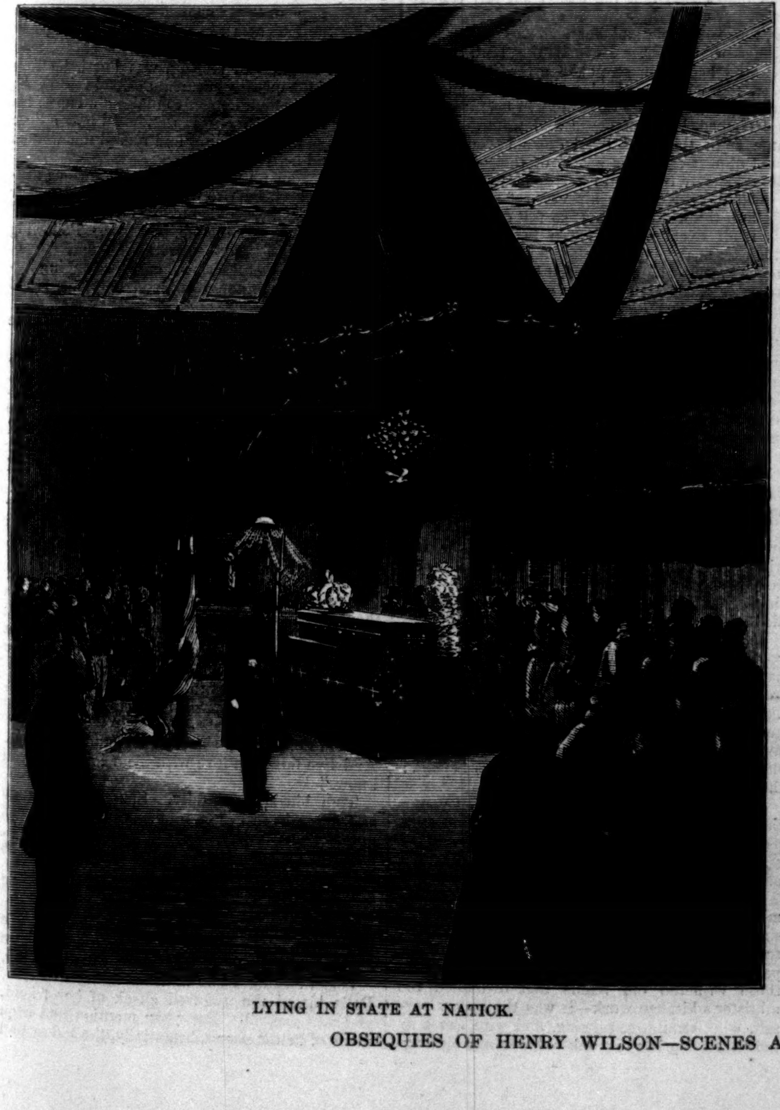
pageant of the deepest solemnity. It was seven o'clock when the head of the column reached the Grand Central Dépôt, and at nine the cars were on the way to Boston. It was Sunday morning when the train arrived at its destination. Doric Hall, in the State House, of which an illustration is given on page 1020, was heavily but simply draped in black and white. Here the remains lay in state, and many thousands pressed to view them. A company of Marines from Washington served as a guard of honor. The casket was almost imbedded in rare and beautiful flowers.

The next day appropriate services were held in the Hall of Representatives, Rev. J. M. MANNING officiating; and at their conclusion the body was conveyed to the cars and taken to Natick, the old home of the Vice-President. Nearly every building in the village was decorated with elaborate displays of mourning, each citizen seemingly attempting to outdo his neighbor in the way of outward manifestations of sorrow. On reaching Clark's Block the casket was conveyed to a large hall in the upper part of the building, as shown on this page, and placed upon a catafalque at the further end. The Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, with the United States Marines, acted as a guard of honor. The decorations in the hall were tastefully elaborate.

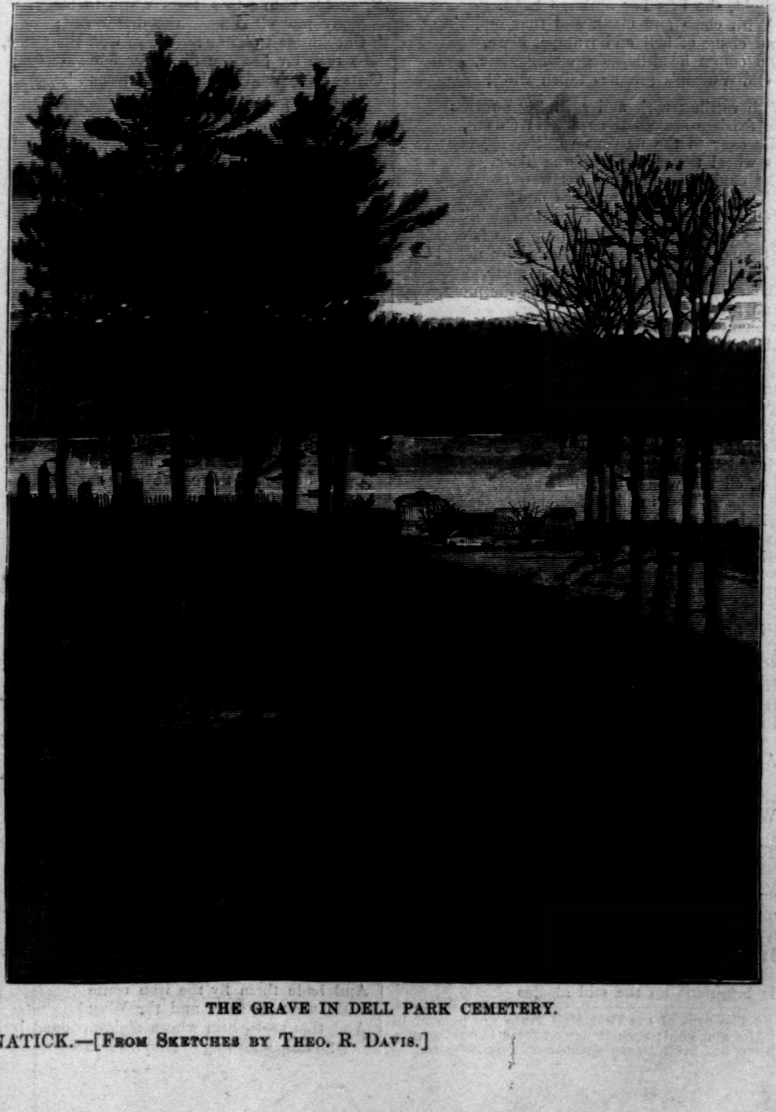
The house of Mr. WILSON, shown on this page, is a very unpretentious but comfortable dwelling of the New England style. It was heavily draped in mourning, and was viewed with curious interest by many who passed that way. Mr. W. H. WRIGHT, who lives directly opposite, and to whom our artist is indebted for the courteous favor of shelter from the extreme cold while making his sketch, tells a touching incident illustrating the tender affection which Mr. WILSON bore for his wife, who died nearly six years ago. "A peculiar interest attaches to this room," said Mr. WRIGHT, referring to his own parlor, from the window of which Mr. DAVIS had drawn his sketch. "It was late in the afternoon of the 28th of October, 1873, just toward dusk, when Mr. WILSON called on me, as he had frequently done before, and took a seat in that corner of the room. He hardly spoke a word to me, but sat there resting his head on his hand like one in a dream. Seeing that he was not disposed to converse, I did not disturb him. Presently the parlor clock struck six, when instantly Mr. WILSON arose, and, standing in the midst of the space between the open folding-doors, said, with measured solemnity, 'Thirty-three years ago to-day, at this very hour, I stood in this spot, and was married.' And then, hesitating, he added, with voice all tremulous with emotion, 'Good-night,' and quickly left the house."

In the second story of Mr. WILSON's house was his bedroom, which he also used as a library and "workshop." The furniture is plain old-style mahogany, covered with hair-cloth, and the carpet ingrain of the most ordinary pattern. There are but few books. The walls are decorated with a few simple pictures. Among the framed pieces are a certificate of membership of the Pilgrims' Association and a copy of the memorable Fourteenth Amendment.

The funeral services at Natick took place on the 1st inst., under the direction of Mr. WILSON's pastor, Rev. Mr. PELOUBET, after which the body was taken to the Dell Park Cemetery, and there interred between the grave of the Vice-President's father and mother and that of his wife.



LYING IN STATE AT NATICK.



THE GRAVE IN DELL PARK CEMETERY.

OBSEQUIES OF HENRY WILSON—SCENES AT NATICK.—[FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

THE FAST WHITE MAIL.*

By BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

INSCRIBED TO COL. GEORGE S. BANGS, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE RAILWAY POSTAL SERVICE.

THE FLYING CLOUD.

Sling up the bugle! Harp and lute,
Let every dusty string be mute!
Be still the drum, and dumb the flute,
While trumpets blow so grand and loud,
They rally like a flag unfurled,
And wake and warm the startled world—
The trumpets of the Flying Cloud!
That silver breath of steam adrift,
As lazy as a morning mist,
Can whirl an engine winged and swift
As whirls a fan's small ounce of lift
At the turn of my lady's wrist—
Can stitch this planet's raveled robe,
Gird like a slender girl the globe,
Till far-off cities meet and mate,
As neighbors gossip at the gate!

MY NOBLE GOVERNORS.

In white and orange, like a bride,
And touched with gold, the Herald runs;
O, king of trains, no names beside
Were worth thy wearing but the ones
Already crowned with laurel pride.
Lo, in their great medallions shine
The gallant Governors in line.
Ah, noble Governors, ahead
Of time and ticket every man.
Since Governors were born and bred,
No splendid chieftain ever ran
In old campaign as on this train—
A thousand miles, with might and main,
From dawn to-day to dawn again!
It flickers through the empty night
Like phantoms where the Arctic suns
Show spectral shapes of sheeted white—
This phantom of a hundred tons.
This real ghost of grosser trains,
Fled like a thought from busy brains,
Makes seconds of the weary whiles,
And turns the minutes into miles.

THE EAGLE CHARIOTS.

Behold, upon its creamy side
The full-fledged eagles deign to ride;
Leave flag and crag, their old abode,
Their shields armorial ribbed with red,
And wings unwaved and bolts unsped,
To seek these eyries of the road.
Lo, there the Eagle Chariots come!
The gorges growl, the bridges drum,
The tunneled thunder rumbles grum.
A blast of trumpet long and loud,
Black clouds for pall and white for shroud,
And starry sparkles raining fast,
As if, God's autumn come at last,
I saw adrift and tempest-rent
A tatter of the firmament.

FIFTY MINUTES LATE.

Pull out, my gallant engineer!
Take aim along the smooth air line;
The way is clear, the far is near,
Five hundred miles, and then we dine!
Upon Chicago draw a bead;
Behold, she lifts her antlered head.
With clash and clank and roar and ring,
And clang of bell and trumpet blare,
And comet head-lights' growing glare,
Old Vulcan's self has taken wing!

With rattling rock and swinging swerves
He fearless sweeps the splendid curves,
Lies over to the nervous work
As wheel the chargers of the Turk.
The engineer whips out his watch—
The train is fifty minutes late!
"Old Time's a nimble thing to catch,"
He says; "but then I'm sure as fate.
Shove in the diamonds there, my mate!"
The mile-posts glitter like a grate.
The red-mouthed furnace yawns for more,
And gives a husky, hungry roar.
It shakes a thunder-cloud of mane
Above the quiver of the train;
Down comes the lever, good and strong;
The Eagle Chariots plunge along.

'Tis whip and spur and rail and steel,
'Tis flash and rush and rock and reel,
As if one streak of early dawn
Should travel night-time and be gone.
See, all the while the driver stand,
His heart-beat in his bridle hand,
His hair by gusty night blown back—
It blows whene'er *he* has the track;
His eye is on the iron bars
That swing around to let him through;
He hums a tune, and thanks his stars
The "Lansing's" stanch and tried and true.
His brow is wet with mental sweat;
He says, "I'm sure to make it yet:
My grand old lady does her best."
His soul is in the distant West;
His watch is burning in his vest.
Its bloodless hands that mock the dead
Wipe off the minutes from its face,
As if the tears that Time had shed
For some lost hope or perished grace.
What if a paltry breath of space
Would save that "foot-board" hero there
His well-earned knighthood of the road,
Those hands would never heed the prayer,
But mark the fatal hour he owed.

The frantic bell is on the ring;
The furnace door is on the swing;
The Fast White Mail is on the wing.
It whistles up the stealthy roads
That creep across the iron way;
It brightens up the still abodes
Of them that weep or sleep or pray.
The mighty eye glares down the rails;
The cruel wheels come down like flails;
The bull-dog bridges growl and growl
Forever at the Herald's heel;
The mile-posts all are cheek by jowl,
And sixty in an hour!
It means far more than steam and steel,
This wondrous burst of pinion power—
Means tempered grit and iron will,
Means nerve and faith and brain and skill.

TWENTY MINUTES LATE.

The twain at last have struck their gait—
The engine and the engineer.
"The train is twenty minutes late!"
The smutty fireman gives a cheer.
He lets her out in giant strides.
She thrusts her slender arms of steel
Deep in the caskets at her sides;
The nervous creature seems to feel
For something precious hidden there;
Plucks out great handfuls of the power
That gives her sixty miles an hour;
And flings and tosses every where
Great volumes of the power asleep,
As if a million fleecy sheep
Turned out to pasture in the air.
With glittering elbows' ceaseless play,
She brightens night and darkens day.

"She buckles bully to the work;
She's not the kind of girl to shirk,"
The driver says, and tries the gauge,
And never dreams he leads the age.
Full seventy feet at a single plunge,
And seventy feet at a single breath,
And seventy feet from instant death!
A little slower than the lunge
The lightning makes that stabs the night,
And faster than a falcon's flight.
'Tis seventy feet at every beat
Of heart and clock the train is hurled:
At such a rate, with such a mate,
Not eighteen days around the world!

"ON TIME."

The hamlets scatter from the path
As tempests blow the aftermath,
And wild as deer the woods retreat
That met and whispered in the street.
"Down brakes! A hay-stack blocks the route!"
And there! It slowly waltzes out.
A mighty shadow inks the track,
As if a mountain should lie down
And leave the print from foot to crown—
Before you think it there and back
We cut that shadow through and through.
The telegraphic poles grow dense
As forests of the tall bamboo;
That swift striped streak is just a fence,
As if ten miles of ribbon flew.
'Tis neck and neck. The driver smiles:
He's running down the missing miles.
The train swims on with easy sway,
As supple as a serpent's glide.
Chicago and the break of day!
And miles and minutes side by side!
White lights and red, red lights and blue;
The thorough-bred has pulled us through—
Through snow and blow and ray and rack,
A thousand miles! One night and day!
From black to white, from white to black.
"My move!" I hear the driver say;
"Checkmate to Time! We've won the game,
The race for life, the flight for fame—
Chicago! And we kept the track!"

THE FLYING MAIL.

The ships that sail for seas of steel
Bear nothing but the crew and flags;
This god of wingèd hat and heel
Is laden down with tons of rags.
Ah, rags disguised and rarely wrought—
The stately Daily's street on street,
So tramped and tracked by stirring thought
And dancing rhyme and nervous news
That trod the page with inky shoes!
Love's note of hand and violet-sweet,
Love's echo note in soft repeat;
The silken fabric of the draft,
The triumph of the printer's craft;
The thinkings of the grandest men
By brush and burin, pencil, pen,
What sigh and song, and hope and fear,
And right and wrong, and smile and tear,
And faith and trust, are mingled here!
All lightly handled with a laugh,
Tossed here and there like thresher's chaff,
Yet all inviolate as truth
Love-uttered from the lips of Ruth!
The tidings of the world are flung
From side to side as bells are rung.
The crew husk news like husking corn,
Their twenty tons from morn to morn;
They toss swift ounces in the case,
As printers throw the types in place;
They cut down Time to the bended knee—
These huskers, printers, mowers, three.
That spectre arm outside the train
Whisks off a mail-bag from the crane
As eagles swoop with dashing swing
When sparrows die upon the wing.
Hither and yon and to and fro
Those stalwart arms and cunning hands
Bring words electric from the lands
Of winter gloom and summer glow,
Strow tidings as the winds the snow,
Strow tidings as the clovers grow,
Strow tidings as the sowers sow!
And twenty millions watch and wait:
The Eagle Train is never late!

VANDERBILT AND BANGS.

All thanks to him who thought it out,
Who found and robbed the eagles' nest,
And bade them fly the iron route
Between Atlantic and the West!
And thanks to him whose eight-stringed lyre
Of steel, adorning "Empire's" breast,
Those eagles thrill with touch of fire,
And never weary, never rest!
I hear the harp; I hear the wings:
Are they phantoms? Are they things?
I see the vanish of the Kings!

* The cars of the Fast Mail Train are painted in white and gold; each is named for a Governor of a State, and bears an eagle emblazoned on its sides.

SEEING BETTER DAYS.

The widow Minton had seen better days. How far back wasn't exactly certified; but she had seen them. Better days hung mouldily about her, like the defaced shreds of antiquated embroidery.

The sturdy gossips of the sea-side village, who went about with their skirts tucked up and their bare brown arms ready and able for any work, looked askance at the widow Minton, with her pitiful meagreness of aspect, her flickering black eye, and her trailing old gown. They nudged each other, and said, "Better days—Lord save us!"

But the widow did not trouble the neighbors much, nor they her. A body who couldn't do a heartsome hand's stirring was best left alone to her brooding, and the widow's smoky little cabin, solitarily apart on the sea-shore, was left pretty much to herself and her boy Tom.

Tom was a sturdy, brown-faced lad, who picked up a living by doing odd jobs for the boatmen, and now and then taking a day for fishing. Tom had probably never seen better days. The widow shook her head over him—so stupidly content, poor Tom! so beaming and good-natured over beggarliness and hopelessness. A tall, well-grown fellow, with bare feet, a torn straw hat, and a red shirt, Tom took the world easily, looking with reverent eyes on his mother's by-gone gentility, but by no means seeming to covet it for himself.

The widow deemed it due to her past respectability to be seen at church of a Sunday evening, and you could see the two walking at twilight along the sands together, she with her clean pocket-handkerchief folded over her old hymn-book and a certain doubtful hesitancy of gait, as if heaven itself might be looking down critically on her shabby black gown and rusty bonnet. As for Tom, patient Tom, he went plodding slowly after her, with his smiling face, whistling to himself as he went. Always patient, always plodding, poor Tom! Patiently falling asleep during the sermon, and patiently listening open-mouthed to the closing hymn, his careless bright face, contrasting so oddly with his mother's querulous and tear-worn visage, won for him the sobriquet of the widow Minton's rainbow.

The minister of the parish, mistaken soul, deemed it incumbent to make a call on the widow; and, on charity bent, it is said he unwarily offered to employ her services in his household for a season. He deemed it his duty to rouse the old woman to activity.

He did rouse her; and it is averred that he never found time to call at the cabin again. Did he take her for a common household drudge, or a low-born field hand? She thanked God she had too much spirit left yet to put herself under any body's feet. He hadn't far to go to find scores of drudges and diggers, but he might go further before he knew a lady when he saw her.

It might have been the afternoon after the good man's visit that the widow sat idly brooding at her cabin door. Her eyes had a wandering, far-away look, and her face was keener and thinner than ever. Beyond the bluff which sheltered her cabin stretched a far line of sea-coast, the white sand gleaming silvery in the sun. Far off a group of bathers in bright dresses frolicked between shore and water. They came from the great hotel down beyond; she could almost catch the sound of their voices as she sat slowly rocking in her doorway. It was a quiet afternoon; the air was soft and soothing, and the widow's heart, so full of bitterness, felt itself sweeten and soften in the stillness. This part of the shore, sheltered by its overhanging rock, was seldom disturbed by intruders, but presently the watcher's eye caught sight of a young girl splashing and frolicking in the water just beyond the rocks. It was a pretty sight, the rounded arms, the curving shoulders, the swaying, floating figure. And perhaps the old woman recalled with a sigh the time when she was young and blithe too, and had as cheery a voice as that with which the fair swimmer hailed her companions in the distance.

Gazing absently on the smiling scene, a reverie fell upon her, and when she looked again, the young water-nymph had disappeared. She had probably swum ashore behind the rocks. The widow turned away, hugged her thin shawl over her shoulders, and thought that the sea wind was chilly. Hark! What was that? Surely she heard a cry. No merry shout or ringing laugh this; it might be the cry of a wild bird on its way to its mate.

She couldn't have got beyond her depth, that young creature, surely! But, la! what of it if she had? Dying young, a body gets quit of a deal of trouble. And— Yes, surely, that was a scream. The widow looked sharply out. Would Tom never come? The tide was rising, and—and something certainly was the matter. She called, she beckoned frantically to the bathers beyond: they seemed both blind and deaf.

No one, not one soul, at hand, and that young thing in peril of life! A minute she stood still, listening—a feeble old woman with a haggard, scared face, to whom no one would have dreamed of looking for help.

"I can't stand this," she said. "Seems I might pull out that old scow myself. Tom!" she screamed with a yell that held the concentrated energy of ten years. But no Tom appeared. And it was the widow herself, with those withered old hands that disdained the minister's kitchen-work—it was the widow herself, who, straining, tugging, and with her gray hair fluttering in the wind, unloosed the old dug-out from its moorings, and trembling, unskillful, armed with a rude paddle, went spinning out dizzily over the water. It leaked, the old scow; it scorned the broken paddle and the heavy oars, but finally it came drifting out blindly and dizzily to the object of her search. A plump hand with a glittering ring upon it clutched the edge of the boat, nearly oversetting it. A young, eager face, with streaming hair, looked up from the water, and gasping, shuddering, half drowned, and wholly scared, the young water-nymph was presently aboard the old craft.

"Oh, how frightened I was!" she cried. "I felt sure I was losing all my strength, and would go to the bottom. Oh, you good soul! you dear soul! how ever did you get to me in this water-logged craft?"

"It has seen its best days, certain," said the widow, tugging at the oars.

"You don't look able for such work," said the girl.

"I *have* seen better days," was the quiet answer.

And then—oh, sufficient reward of all her efforts!—this real lady, this fair young girl with the soft hands and the pretty bathing dress, actually replied, "I thought so."

"Here, give me an oar," she added, still panting. "But, my dear soul, we'll never be able to row down to that point, where I left my clothes, and I can't walk to the hotel; I'm awfully tired. Can't you put me ashore at your place, and send word for me down yonder?"

The little dark cabin on the shore brightened up with an unwonted lustre as the widow sheltered her young charge, and changed her wet garments for some of her own.

"If my Tom would only come, I'd send him for your things."

"Oh, no matter! I'll wrap your shawl about me and walk down myself after I've rested a bit. I'm not hurt, you know, only scared. Dear me, how I *was* scared! My old nurse used to teach me not to scream; but if I hadn't screamed, where should I have been now, I wonder?"

Mrs. Minton would gladly have parted with the last shred she possessed, and gone shivering the rest of her days, to see her worn-out gown donned so handsomely by the bright lassie.

"They have seen better days, the clothes, miss, and I'll not deny that they've been in good company in their time; but they're not fit for a lady now."

Her companion laughed, a pretty, mischievous laugh. She read the weakness of her rescuer, and treated it tenderly.

"Whatever a lady has worn is fit for a lady to wear," she said, and forthwith wrapped herself, smiling, in the old gray shawl.

And at that moment Tom, with his red shirt gleaming in the setting sun, and a string of fish on his shoulder, stood in the doorway.

He stopped when he saw the guest standing upon the hearth-stone, a bright fire behind her, and the kettle boiling cheerily. She nodded to him familiarly. Tom thought he must be dreaming.

"Tom and I are acquainted," said she.

"*Are* you?" responded the astonished widow.

"Yes," said the girl. "I've watched Tom many a time walking along shore in his red shirt, and once he took me and father out rowing. Tom, your mother's saved my life."

"Saved your life!" echoed Tom, who never in all his life had heard of his mother's doing any thing before.

Tom, stupid and staring, was hurried off in search of the missing garments. And meanwhile his mother betook herself to making a cup of tea for her protégée. It was wonderful how a little warmth of human feeling had roused this woman to life and activity again.

When Tom returned, laden with various articles of apparel, the two were quietly sipping their tea together at the old round table.

He did not return alone, however. Following him came a tall gray-headed gentleman.

"Here's father!" cried the girl, springing forward. "Oh, father, this good lady has saved my life!"

Lady! The widow Minton wanted to kiss the beautiful rosy lips that pronounced the words.

"Well, my dear," said the old gentleman, good-humoredly pinching the plump cheek, "she has done it very thoroughly. You certainly don't look very near death just now."

Whereat the story, with due enlargement and variation, was told him with a pretty pout.

The father smiled, but also he furtively wiped away a tear.

"Well, madam," said he, courteously, "accept my cordial thanks for looking after my little madcap Belle. She's my only child, you see, and as full of pranks as any dozen."

Belle playfully put her hand over his mouth. "I won't have my character traduced where they've been so good to me," she cried. "And oh, father, isn't this a beautiful place—such a view of the water! I mean to come down here every day and do my sketching."

"I'm afraid," said the sire, shaking his head, "that this good lady will have cause to wish she had thrown you overboard."

"Oh no, father; she likes me, and I like her. And I've fallen in love with Tom long ago, you know."

Tom blushed painfully. Something strange and new stirred in his mind. Compliments did not sweeten his thoughts as they did his mother's, for Tom had never seen better days, and felt as if he was being made a jest of.

A week passed, during which the young girl strolled almost daily to the cabin. When she was there Tom seldom entered the house. He had grown shy and sulky; he sat on the shore darkly brooding, or went off silently to his fishing.

One morning Belle and her father departed. Belle kissed the withered cheek of her friend, and that was all. For when mention had been made of helping her substantially, the widow had

drawn herself sharply up, all the lady shining in her eye.

"I may have seen my best days," she said, "but I haven't come down to that yet. And if I needed any reward, I've had it now," she added, as she felt the soft blood mantling in the cheek that Belle had kissed.

Long after the two had left, Tom went about with a cloud on his face, and in his ears were ringing those mocking words, "I'm in love with Tom." A disgust for his fishing life and for himself and for all their miserable surroundings of poverty filled the lad's heart with an unwonted bitterness.

"Mother," said he one day, as he sat darkly brooding over the hearth, "you said you were a born lady; why didn't you make a gentleman of me?"

"I hadn't any money left when you came," said the widow, briefly.

"Then it's money that makes people gentlemen and ladies?"

"I don't know," said the widow, puzzled: "they somehow mostly have it."

One day Tom came and told her he was going to sea. There had been a man down looking for hands, and he had taken Tom gladly, for Tom was a handy fellow at almost any kind of sea craft, and would soon make a good seaman.

"And you must just bide here patiently till I come back, mother; for if there's better days any where, I shall bring 'em with me, be sure."

After that the sea looked bluer and colder than ever, and the solitary woman lived a sort of hermit's life. No cheery voice of gossiping neighbor lightened the dreary cabin, no children prattled about her; and only Belle, the bright, blithe-hearted lassie, seemed to remember to cheer her with a letter now and then. Belle was away now visiting some distant friends, but in her kindly heart she kept a corner, it seemed, for the poor old woman who had saved her life.

Three years—four—passed away, and daily of a summer afternoon you might have seen the widow sitting in her doorway, eager and hollow-eyed, looking out for some possible ship that might be Tom's. Tom was not a good correspondent, but occasionally up at the little post-office a wandering epistle waited her trembling hand. She was growing very old and feeble now; but Tom was getting up in the world, Tom was first mate of his ship, Tom was a success, Tom was a gentleman, and oh, above all things, Tom was coming home!

Not every one watches in vain, though we may not always be looking in the right direction. It was so with the widow. As she sat one day, with straining eye gazing on far-off sun-lit sails, and seeing how some of them hovered nearer and nearer, and some, alas! took wing farther and farther away, the doorway darkened suddenly; there came rushing upon her, as if dropped from the clouds, a plump, dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked lady, who flung herself into the arms of the watcher with a cry of joy.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, half sobbing, half laughing—"oh, mother! don't you know me? Why, I'm Tom's wife, and I've brought the captain with me!"

"Mother," said Captain Tom, that night, "you've seen better days, perhaps, but I never have."

"For didn't I tell you," said Mrs. Tom, archly, "that I was in love with Tom? And father owns half his ship, you know; so if Tom's captain, I'm second mate, you see. And we're going to take you away to where *we* found our better days."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

SOME years ago Professor COPE described the snake-eating habits of the *Oxyrrhopus plumbeus*, Wied—a rather large species of snake, which is abundant in the intertropical parts of America. A specimen of it from Martinique was observed to have swallowed the greater part of a large *fer-de-lance*, the largest venomous snake of the West Indies. The *Oxyrrhopus* had seized the *fer-de-lance* by the snout, thus preventing it from inflicting fatal wounds, and had swallowed a great part of its length when caught and preserved by the collector. More recently a specimen was brought by Mr. GABB from Costa Rica, of nearly five feet in length, which had swallowed nearly three feet of a large harmless snake (*Herpetodryas carinatus*) of about six feet in length. The head was partially digested, while three feet projected from the mouth of the *Oxyrrhopus* in a sound condition. The *Oxyrrhopus* is entirely harmless, although spirited and pugnacious in its manners. Professor COPE suggests that its introduction into regions infested with venomous snakes, like the island of Martinique, would be followed by beneficial results. The East Indian snake-eater, *Naja elaps*, is unavailable for this purpose, as it is itself one of the most dangerous of venomous serpents.

From a report upon the mineral statistics of the colony of Victoria for the year 1874, which has lately been presented to Parliament, we glean the following facts: The amount of gold raised in the colony in 1871 was 1,290,844 ounces; in 1872, 1,218,094 ounces; in 1873, 1,162,492 ounces; and in 1874, 1,105,115 ounces. The value of the machinery and appliances used on the gold fields in 1874 was £2,078,936 (or something over $10,000,000), the total area of the auriferous district worked upon was 1063 square miles, and the number of distinct quartz reefs was 3398. One hundred and eighty tons of silver ore were raised during the year, from which 11,906 ounces of silver were extracted.

The Emma Furnace managers have communicated to the *American Manufacturer* the extraordinary announcement that the furnace stood banked up from December 4, 1874, to July 9, 1875, without blast or draught, during a most severe winter. This is equivalent to seven months and five days, or to 217 days, and during all of this time she held her fire intact without chilling or cracking. On December 4 the iron was run out, and the furnace filled wholly with Connelsville coke, every precaution being taken to have the fire remain until advisable to resume operations. It stood idle until July 9, 1875, and during this entire time not a thing was done to her, or a pound of fuel added. When opened at above date some two-thirds of its coke was alive, and the furnace, after clearing away ashes, etc., was ready to resume operations. This record of the "Emma" has to our knowledge never been equaled.

The first number of vol. iii. of the Bulletin of the Buffalo Academy of Natural Sciences is before us, and contains the description, by Messrs. A. R. GROTE and W. H. PITT, of a new crustacean from the water-lime group at Buffalo. It is closely allied to the well-known forms *Eurypterus* and *Pterygotus*, and for it the name of *Eusarcus scorpionis* is proposed. The same gentlemen in a subsequent paper describe additional species of *Eurypterus* and *Pterygotus*. Other papers are on "Texan Lepidoptera collected by Mr. Belfrage," by Dr. L. F. HARVEY, and a "Synopsis of the Fungi of the United States," by M. C. COOKE.

Among the novelties in the late Paris Maritime Exhibition is an electrical fish-bait. It consists of a wire of platinum placed in a bottle of dark colored glass, and made luminous by electricity from a bichromate battery. When thrown into the water the light emanating therefrom is said to attract immense numbers of fishes.

The November number of a juvenile periodical known as the *Oologist*, published by Messrs. WILLARD & Co., Utica, New York, has just made its appearance, and contains some really quite interesting information in regard to the habits and characteristics of certain American birds.

At the meeting of the Anthropological Society of Göttingen, July 17, 1875, Dr. VON JHERING, after a brief mention of practices common among people widely separated, especially their barbarous toilet operations, gave a minute description of deformations of the teeth. These practices are of three kinds: 1. Coloring the teeth with red and black dyes (Borneo and Burma). 2. Knocking out one or more incisors of the upper or the under jaw by some tribes of Australia and of Central Africa. 3. Disfiguring the teeth without removing them. Many tribes of Central Africa chip the incisors with the chisel so as to make them pointed, sometimes in the centre, sometimes on one, sometimes on both sides. In the latter case they are bicuspidate. In the islands of the Malayan Archipelago the aborigines practice the filing down of their teeth, already discolored by the chewing of betel, in two typical fashions: 1. Removal of the enamel from the whole front surface of the crown by horizontal strokes of the file, and by smoothing down the edge—a species of mutilation characteristic of the Malays of the East Indian Archipelago. 2. A removal of the enamel in triangular pieces so as to leave the tooth pointed, and the remaining enamel rhomboidal in form. This is practiced in Java, Bali, Madura, and Celebes, and is not known elsewhere, so that VIRCHOW, A. B. MEYER, and others believe it to be an exclusive mark of these islands. Dr. VON JHERING has observed this mark upon crania in various collections, but they have always proved to be from one of these four islands. We must therefore conclude that this species of mutilation had its origin here, although we have not the least suspicion to which people it belonged, or whether it was a mark of noble birth.

It is announced that Bishop STEER is about starting from Zanzibar for Lindy, a point on the coast thirty miles north of Mikindany Bay, where LIVINGSTONE began his last journey. From Lindy the bishop proposes to push forward into the country of the Agao tribe, who live on the borders of Lake Nyassa, and, if possible, he will form a missionary station there.

Dr. F. B. HOUGH, of Lowville, New York, well known in connection with his efforts looking toward the protecting the American forests from destruction, proposes, should he succeed in obtaining at least 200 subscriptions, to publish a work which will be of much interest to botanists, microscopists, and workers in wood. This will consist of actual sections of 200 species of American woods, properly mounted for examination under the microscope, and suitably labeled, to be accompanied by text containing descriptions of the species represented, of their qualities and uses, with other statistical information. The whole will form three small quarto volumes, and the specimens will be prepared by Professor NÖRDLINGER, of Hohenheim, who has already been connected with similar publications relating to the forest trees of Europe.

The scientific department of the Committee of Council on Education, South Kensington, England, is preparing to make a loan exhibition of scientific apparatus, to begin on April 1 and last till the end of September. This will consist of instruments and apparatus employed for a variety of scientific purposes, as also of articles illustrating the progress of science and its application to the arts, with any specimens that may be supposed to have an interest on account of the persons who employed them. Drawings, photographs, etc., will also be admissible where the originals can not be sent. Special efforts are being made to render this collection complete, and Mr. W. CUNLIFFE OWEN, Director of the South Kensington Museum, has personally applied to various scientific establishments of this country, as the Smithsonian Institution, for such specimens as may be considered desirable in this connection.

Some account of the new German solar observatory established at Potsdam, near Berlin, is given in KLEIN'S *Wochenschrift*, from which we gather that this institution is situated upon a considerable elevation, and will consist of a group of several isolated observing domes, each to contain its own telescope. Of these domes, the southern one, having a telescope of eleven inches aperture, will be devoted to spectrum analysis, which observations will be applied also to the stars as well as the sun. In another dome the heliograph will be established, which will be devoted also to the photography of the sun, and possibly of the moon and stars. The western dome will contain a telescope of eight inches aperture for special investigations of sun spots and protuberances. The eastern dome will contain the telescope of seventeen feet focal length now employed by Professor SPORER for the study of the protuberances. North of these domes will be the principal building, devoted to optical, physical, and chemical researches, and north of it will be rooms for the assistants, micrometric apparatus, etc. Still north of this building will be one containing a large tank of water, in whose cellar magnetic apparatus will be established. At the depth of one hundred feet under the ground a space will be provided for erecting a ZÖLLNER'S horizontal pendulum. Finally, the dwelling-houses are to be mentioned, which will accommodate not a small number of observers and officials. In connection with the prosecution of Professor SPORER'S observations of sun spots and protuberances, it is stated that one of the most brilliant protuberances recently appeared in the polar region of the sun, where they are generally wanting. It shot forth in nineteen minutes, and allowed one to conclude with perfect certainty the presence of a storm at that point.

A MARTYR'S BURIAL.

THE epoch represented in the engraving on page 1028 is the end of the first century, A.D. 95, when the Emperor DOMITIAN decreed the second persecution, firmly resolved to extirpate what was called the *new* religion.

At this period the Christians had greatly multiplied, partly by the conversion of many Romans of all ranks and conditions, but more particularly by the steady increase of foreign captives, and of strangers who resorted to the imperial metropolis for its advantages of trade and civilization.

The picture represents the burial of a martyr of high social standing, clandestinely conveyed to his last resting-place. Symbolism in vestments and decoration had not yet been ingrafted as objective exponents of spiritual conceptions and metaphysical theories, and this precludes any representation of that art, which was subsequently so lavishly displayed in the ceremonial of the Church, and on the walls and vaults in the catacombs of later date.

The moment selected is the one preceding the final earthly parting, when the priest is about to bestow the last benediction. The sun being at the meridian of the light-shaft, or *luminare*, the rays fall directly upon the martyr, and are mysteriously reflected upon the whole scene.

In the presence of the quietude of death the artist has successfully expressed the varied intensities of grief: from the humble dejection of the slave, to the subdued, dignified sorrow of the patrician; from the austere feeling of the priest and the serenely innocent resignation of the youthful female, to the passionate, demonstrative grief of the betrothed; and, finally, in the overwhelming desolation of the mother, who sinks into the arms of her younger son.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER, 1875.

Sunday,	19.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Saturday,	25.—Christmas.
Sunday,	26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

JANUARY, 1876.

Saturday,	1.—Circumcision.
Sunday,	2.—Second Sunday after Christmas.
Thursday,	6.—Epiphany.
Sunday,	9.—First Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	16.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	23.—Third Sunday after Epiphany.
Tuesday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	30.—Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

MESSRS. MOODY and SANKEY still attract immense audiences in Philadelphia. The Rev. A. B. EARLE has closed his labors as an evangelist in Cleveland, Ohio. An invitation has been extended to him by more than twenty pastors of Troy, New York, to visit that city. Mr. HAMMOND is at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Miss SMILEY is holding union meetings in Boston. The Unitarians of that city have announced united Sunday services. At Port Jervis, New York, four hundred persons have united with the Methodist Episcopal Church; the other churches of the town have also had large additions. As every great movement, however sober, will have its caricature, the Oneida Community have entered upon "a health revival," and have announced as their formula, "Faith and the Turkish Bath!"

Some important pastoral changes are about to occur in this city and in Brooklyn. The Rev. Dr. HUGH MILLER THOMPSON, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, well known both as a preacher and as editor of the *Church Journal*, goes, it is reported, to New Orleans. The Rev. H. D. GANSE, of the (Dutch) Reformed Church, has accepted a call to St. Louis. After much discussion, the Rev. Dr. J. D. FULTON will, it is supposed, resign the charge of the Hanson Place Baptist Church. The Rev. M. G. CHENEY, pastor of John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, will go, the first of next year, as missionary to India.

The second day of December was observed in the Reformed Episcopal churches as their anniversary. Bishop CUMMINS announces that the organization was effected, December 2, 1873, with eight clergymen and a score of laymen. There are now fifty-two Reformed Episcopal clergymen and fifty congregations in the United States and the Dominion of Canada.

The Rev. Dr. M'LAREN, bishop elect of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Illinois, will be consecrated in the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Chicago, on Wednesday, December 8. The Rev. Dr. BROWN, bishop elect of the diocese of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, will be consecrated at Cohoes, New York, December 15. The Rev. Dr. ECCLESTON, bishop elect of Iowa, has given notice to the Standing Committee of that diocese that he declines the office. Charges of irregularity in his election have been rife, the disputed point being whether Dr. ECCLESTON received an actual majority of the votes. Bishop ODENHEIMER announces that he has selected Newark for his residence in his new diocese.

It appears now that the "Sisterhood of Gray Nuns," whose extraordinary privileges, as conceded by the last Legislature, have already been noticed, were originally incorporated in 1871, by special law, with the apparent design of evading the requirements of the State's general law of incorporation. In this special law there is no provision that the trustees shall be citizens of the State, or that the Sisterhood shall be subject to the inspection of the justices of the Supreme Court. The entire history of the Gray Nuns in New York has, if appearances are not misleading, a taint of fraud.

That most valuable of our city charities, the Children's Aid Society, still goes on prospering. At its annual meeting in the last week of November the treasurer reported that since 1853 there had been disbursed $1,877,569. The society has established in New York city thirty-four day and evening schools, in which instruction is given to over 10,000 scholars; it has four lodging-houses for boys and one for girls, in which five hundred children are sheltered every night; and, besides these, a school-house for Italian children. As many as 40,389 children have been provided with homes in the last twenty-two years. The receipts for 1875 were $230,604; disbursements, $228,832.

Cardinal M'CLOSKEY has returned to New York. On his way home he visited Ireland, where he was the recipient of many attentions.

The Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON has given quite a witty turn to the tombstone controversy. Recently, at a public meeting, speaking of the passionate longing of Chinamen in America to be buried in their native land, he said, "Having no parish church-yard, they were better off than Wesleyans in England, who when they asked for bread could not even get a stone."

The free university system is developing rapidly in France, under Roman Catholic auspices. In Paris the three faculties of law, science, and letters, it was announced, would open early in December. Students have begun to inscribe their names. Neither a religious declaration nor attendance on any religious services is required of them. At Lille the Catholic Institute of the city will be developed into a university; a large sum has been subscribed by Catholic laymen for its endowment. At Toulouse the preparations are not so forward as in Paris and Lille. At Lyons a faculty of law was opened in November; it admits Jews and Protestants as well as Catholics. The competition between the free and the state university system will be very sharp.

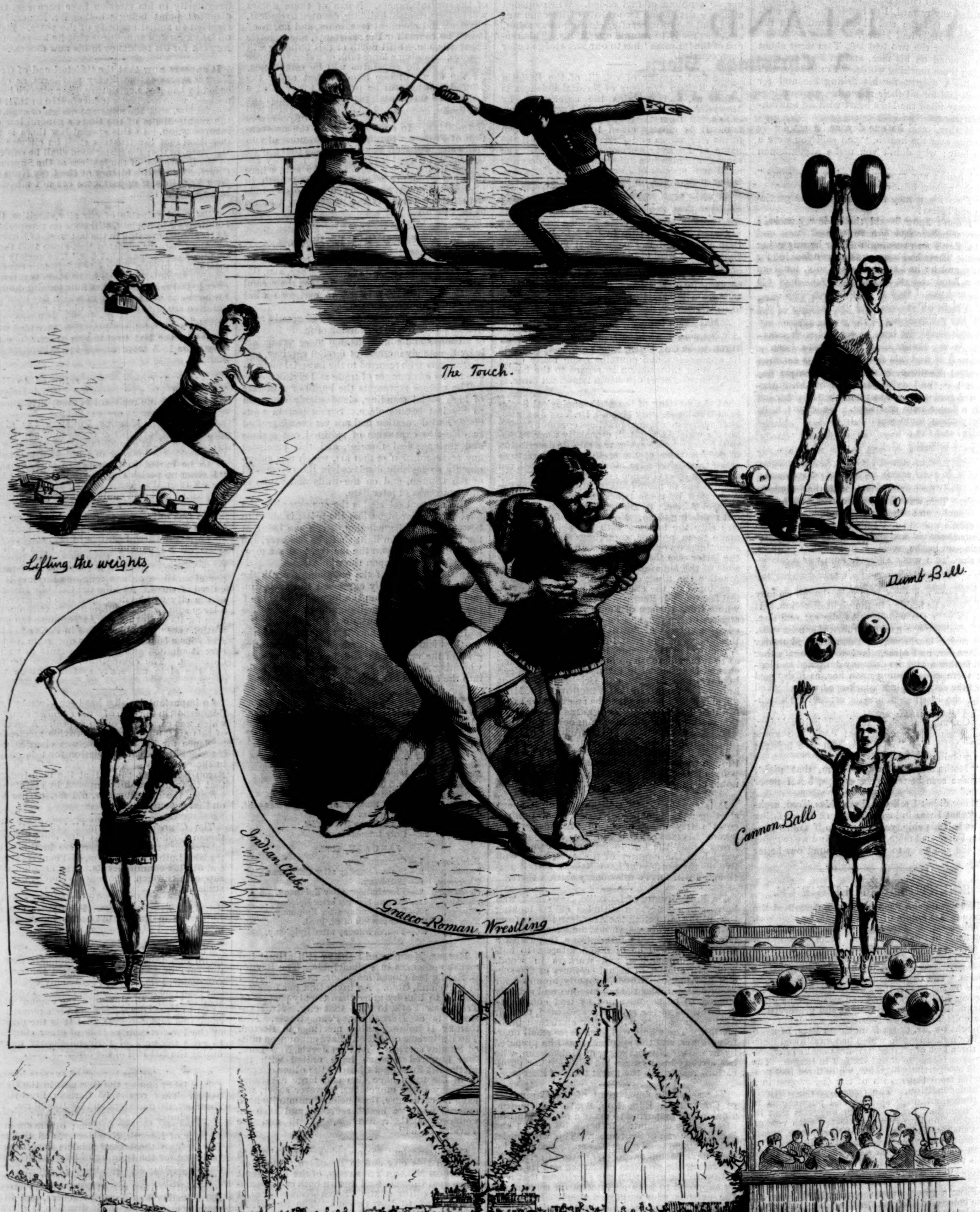
An important decision has been given by Lord COLERIDGE in the case of "the Peculiar People," which was carried up on an appeal. A member of this sect, for neglect to provide medical attendance for his sick child, was charged with manslaughter. The conviction for this offense in the court below was affirmed by the judges. Baron BRAMWELL said "that the man thought that to fulfill the duty imposed by statute was wrong; the law, however, did not excuse him on that account."

The *Church Almanac*, published by the Lutheran Book-Store, in this city, contains some interesting statistics. There are in this country 2669 Lutheran ministers, 4571 congregations, and 513,139 communicants. The denomination supports thirteen theological schools, with 473 students, and seventeen colleges, attended by 2000 students. About fifty periodicals are published, in five languages. Fifty years ago the Lutherans in the United States numbered 163 ministers and 43,125 communicants.

The Finance Committee of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions announces that of the sum of $550,477 to be raised the current year—May, 1875, to May, 1876—only $97,388, or less than one-fifth, has been secured. From November 1, 1875, to May, 1876, the amount needed will be $453,088, or $75,514 each month. It should be said, however, that it is the practice of the Presbyterian, as it is of other churches, to raise the bulk of their missionary moneys during the last half of the financial year.

The Presbyterians have good success in evangelical labor among the Germans in the United States. They report 95 German Presbyterian churches, 100 ministers, and 7500 members. Two of the churches are in Brooklyn, two in Cincinnati, and two in New Orleans; others are in the vicinity of Newark, New Jersey, and Dubuque, Iowa. Two theological schools have been established for the training of German preachers, one at Newark and the other at Dubuque. In this field the Methodists have had still greater prosperity. They report 500 German churches, 900 traveling and local preachers, and 31,000 members. Theological instruction is given to candidates for the ministry at Berea, Ohio.

General HAWLEY, the president of the United States Centennial Commission, has set at rest the question of the Sunday opening of the Exhibition to be held next year. The circular of "General Regulations," approved by the Executive Committee, and published February 19, 1874, contains this passage: "During this period [May 10 to November 10, 1876] it [the Exhibition] will be open to the public daily, except on Sundays, between the hours of 9 A.M. and 6 P.M." This rule, General HAWLEY says, has "never been revoked." He also states that "at the last meeting of the Executive Committee, held October 13, in answer to communications upon this subject from the Methodist preachers of Boston and the United Presbyterian Synod of New York, the secretary was instructed to inform both these bodies that the Commission never contemplated having the Exhibition open on that day." General HAWLEY declares further that no one has ever asked the Commission to open the Exhibition on Sunday.



ATHLETIC GAMES AT GILMORE'S CONCERT GARDEN, NEW YORK.—[See Page 1026.]

CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.—"Tight, my Child? You look like an Angel in it!"—[Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jun.]

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

AN interesting "Athletic Tournament," extending over several evenings, took place recently in the building now known as Gilmore's Concert Garden. Our series of illustrations on page 1024 will give the reader a clear conception of the character of the feats of strength and skill there exhibited. They consisted of fencing, boxing, wrestling, Indian club exercises, velocipede races, and some marvelous feats with cannon-balls and dumb-bells. The wrestling of Messrs. ÉMILE REGNIER, JACQUES DU MORTIER, ANDRÉ CHRISTOL, THEODORE BAUER, and MATTHEW GRACE was wonderful as a display of skill, strength, and endurance. Mr. J. MESSINGER exhibited great dexterity in the cannon-ball feats. He tossed about the heavy masses of iron and rolled them on his arms as if they were billiard balls. Throwing one in the air, he would allow it to fall on an inch board, which it shivered into a dozen pieces; picking it up, he tossed it once more into the air, and suffered it to descend upon his bent shoulders, as if it were an India rubber ball. The exercises were witnessed by large audiences, and, as exhibitions of athletic skill, were far beyond any thing of the kind ever seen in this city before.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

TILBERRY STEEPLE-CHASE.

THE party assembled at the How soon divide themselves into sections or groups, like the various members of the lower animal creation. Mr. and Mrs. Chasuble draw around them the more seriously minded of the younger guests—Lavinia Candonnel; Cecilia Hawtree, who has a poetical mind, and is Anglican to the verge of Romanism; Laura and Mary Radnor, who are great upon church decoration and choir singing; and some others. General MacTower attracts the young men, as it were, into a focus of sporting talk, varied with anecdotes of the London world, which, according to the general, is about as vile a world as could well exist without calling down a burning fiery rain for its extinction. Sir Wilford contrives to be attentive to all his guests, but shows himself so particular in his devotion to Sibyl that other people can not afford to be uncivil to her, even were they disposed to snub so lovely a girl.

The matrons and their daughters admit the fact of Miss Faunthorpe's beauty, but with certain reservations. They admire her complexion, but opine that its transparent purity of tint argues a consumptive tendency.

"And what a dreadful thing for poor Sir Wilford to marry a consumptive wife, my dear!" says Mrs. Radnor, in an awful voice.

"And to have consumptive children!" adds her daughter Laura.

"Poor little dears!" exclaims Miss Hawtree, compassionating the sorrows of these unborn infants in advance. "I think it quite wicked of consumptive people to marry; don't you, Mrs. Radnor?"

"Yes, my love. There ought to be a law against it."

"What pretty manners Miss Faunthorpe has," remarks Mrs. Vernon, whose daughter possesses every attraction except good looks and agreeable manners—"so sweet, so caressing. But don't you think—I hardly like to say it, for it sounds so uncharitable, and I should be the last to say any thing uncharitable after dear Mr. Chasuble's moving discourse this morning—don't you think she seems rather artful?"

"As deep as Garrick," says the outspoken Mrs. Radnor.

"She actually seems to discourage Sir Wilford's attentions, quite pretends to avoid him, makes believe to prefer ladies' society; when we all know that she must be delighted at the idea of making such a brilliant match."

"When we know that the girl is brought here on purpose to marry him," rejoins Mrs. Radnor. "The old uncle has set his heart upon it, of course, and will leave her the whole of his property, to the detriment of her two sisters: there's another girl at Redcastle, Mrs. Stormont tells me. Very unjust, I call it."

This conversation takes place on Sunday afternoon, in a cozy circle round the morning-room fire, while Sibyl and most of the younger guests are walking in the park. Sunday evening affords an opportunity for the display of musical genius, or talent, as the case may be; and after the daughters of the land have done the most they can with Miss Lindsay's sacred ballads, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Chopin, Sibyl takes her turn at the instrument, and surpasses all her forerunners, not so much by the brilliancy of her singing or playing, as by the thought and feeling which pervade both. In the long empty days at Lancaster Lodge her piano has been her friend and companion, the confidante of all her vague regrets and fears—her sorrowful love for her absent husband. Memory and hope have spoken to her in many a tender strain of Mozart's, in the deeper pathos of Beethoven, or Mendelssohn's dreamy melody.

Sir Wilford Candonnel knows very little about music, save that of his hounds giving tongue in the chill morning air that blows over heath and moor, but he is not the less pleased that Sibyl should excel in the musical line. His future wife ought to be an accomplished person. He is glad, too, that she should "take the shine" out of Phœbe and Vinnie, neither of them highly gifted by Apollo, though both have labored hard, and flourish at a quickish pace through unmelodious fantasias, arpeggio-ing up and down the piano, with a movement which their brother calls a rough gallop.

Altogether Sibyl is a success at the How. No one can dispute that. Marion looks on, and wonders at her sister's calm acceptance of the general homage. She wears the honors as to the manner born, while Marion feels overpowered with shyness all through that aristocratic Sabbath; and says "Thank you," for every thing, from an introduction or a compliment to the too hasty removal of her plate by an all-accomplished serving-man.

By Monday morning, however, even Marion is quite at her ease, save for an inward awe of Phœbe and Lavinia, who, behind their brother's back, give her a little of the *de haut en bas* manner by which intrusive commoners are crushed. But Fred Stormont takes her under his protection, and, finding Sibyl unapproachable amidst her various admirers, consoles himself with a mild flirtation with Marion, to which even his watchful parent reconciles herself, reflecting that, after all, a dower of five thousand pounds—or possibly ten—is better than nothing, and that, no heiress being forthcoming, dear Frederick might make Marion happy by proposing to her.

After breakfast on Monday there is a general inspection of the stables, at which even Mr. Chasuble, the High-Church parson, assists, and in the course of which he entertains the company with anecdotes of his hard-riding days at Oxford, and his prowess in the hunting field. The horses are led out for admiration, and the guests commit themselves to various opinions, at which the nether lips of the Yorkshire grooms work convulsively in the respectful endeavor to avoid a grin.

Tuesday is the race day, and there is a consultation as to how people are to go; the faster of the party—including all the young ladies—inclining to the saddle, the middle-aged and portly being satisfied with a seat on the drag or in Miss Candonnel's barouche.

"You will ride, of course," says Sir Wilford to Frederick.

"Oh, by all means; I shall go on the Dutchman. Here he is, poor old fellow, looking as fresh as paint."

An officious boy has just led the bony gray into the quadrangle, where every eye is now directed to him.

"Why, where the deuce did you get that beast from, Candonnel?" cries General MacTower, as the lad whisks off the Dutchman's checked raiment, and exhibits his angular haunches and dejected neck. "Never saw such a screw in your stable."

"It's Mr. Stormont's 'orse," says the boy, grinning.

"Beg your pardon, Stormont," says the general; "I dare say he looks better in action. Very good for leather, no doubt."

"He may not be much to look at," said Fred, wounded, yet apologetic; "but he's a devil to go."

"Ah, I dare say; those bony ones are, sometimes."

"Well, Stormont, and you'll ride the Dutchman," resumes Sir Wilford; "that's capital. You can take care of Miss Marion Faunthorpe."

"Delighted, I am sure," gasps Fred, with an inward sinking. He knows too well that on the Dutchman he has enough to do to take care of himself, and that a whole hunting field might be spilled before him without his being able to afford help to the fallen.

"You haven't ridden much lately, I think you told me, Miss Marion," says Sir Wilford to that young lady, who has been going into raptures about all the horses with long manes and sleek skins.

"Not since I was quite a little thing; but I idolize riding."

"And you'll not be afraid to ride to Tilberry to-morrow? It's a nice quiet road."

"I shall like it of all things."

"Very well. Chanter, you must find me a safe mount for this young lady. She hasn't been riding much lately."

"One of the old ones, eh, Sir Wilford?"

"Yes, old and steady. But something good to look at, you know."

"There's Brown Fixture, Sir Wilford, an uncommon good 'oss, and as safe as a church."

"Yes, Fixture 'll do: nothing like an old steeple-chaser."

"Fixture's as steady as a Christian," says the groom, "and such a memory too; nobody'd think how that 'oss do remember. He ain't forgot the day he bolted with Jim Kirk, tho' its nigh seven year ago. He never do pass that corner o' th' 'eath but what 'e'll prick up his old ears, and stick 'em backward, and give a bit of a quiver, as if he'd like to have another lark."

"He mustn't have any larks with Miss Faunthorpe," says Sir Wilford.

"Lor bless you, no, Sir Wilford; that's seven year ago. Fixture's as steady as a house. The smallest of our boys rides him beautiful."

"Well, Miss Marion, I think you'll be safe on Fixture, especially with Stormont to take care of you."

Marion looks gratefully at Frederick, with a vague idea that he is going to escort her with a leading rein, and that under his care she would be safe upon the winner of the Leger.

"And now let's have a look at Juno," says Sir Wilford. "That's the mare I mean for you, Miss Faunthorpe, and I think every one will allow she's a perfect beauty. My sister Phœbe wants her badly, but I'm afraid of Phœbe's eleven stone."

That substantially built damsel gives her brother an indignant look at this brutal remark, which could only come from one's own flesh and blood.

"When I want a horse I sha'n't ask you to choose him for me, Wilford," she says.

Juno is led forth and unveiled—a chestnut, glossy as the nut itself when it bursts from its green casing, and beautiful in form, with a small head and a Greek profile—ox-eyed like her mighty namesake.

"How lovely!" exclaim all the young ladies, envying Sibyl.

This selection of the best horse in the stud for Miss Faunthorpe is tantamount to a proposal, thinks every one, and from this time forward Sibyl is regarded as the future Lady Candonnel, and honored accordingly.

Has he or has he not proposed? the council of matrons ask one another by-and-by, in the comfortable morning-room where they have assembled to write their letters and read their newspapers.

The majority opine that the offer has been made and accepted, and that Mr. Trenchard is here to arrange about settlements.

"Phœbe Candonnel must know," hazards Mrs. Chasuble; this conversation taking place in the absence of the Misses Candonnel, who are playing billiards with their younger guests.

"She may, but she's such a reserved girl there's no getting any thing out of her. And as it's evident that she and Lavinia hate the idea of their brother's marrying, it's a subject we can't approach very well."

"I feel sure he has proposed," says Mrs. Radnor. "He looks as if it were a settled thing."

"He may have settled it all in his own mind, but not yet declared himself," responds Mrs. Chasuble. "He must know that there is no chance of rejection."

Mrs. Chasuble is right. Sir Wilford is fixed as fate, but has not yet found an opportunity to ask the fatal question. Sibyl is always in a crowd. She contrives to avoid any thing approaching a *tête-à-tête*. And a man can hardly propose during a game of pyramids, or on a crowded drag with a spirited team in his hand, or as he hands his beloved a cup of tea at kettledrum time, or on the stairs, or in church.

Sir Wilford bides his time, therefore, and is patient.

The important Tuesday is a fine clear day, with a high wind, but no frost. Tilberry races begin at half past one, so there is no time for luncheon at the How, and a necessity for picnic baskets on the drag, very much to the delight of all the younger guests, who prefer to take their refreshment uncomfortably out-of-doors to the commonplace convenience of the dining-room.

At a quarter before one the horses and carriages are brought round to the porch, and Marion, in a borrowed habit and a chimney-pot hat, which is balanced rather hazardously on a small mountain of padded hair, awaits, with some faint apprehension, her first ride on any thing larger than Tommy, the old pony.

She has not yet seen Brown Fixture, and as she stands on the top step with Fred Stormont at her side she surveys the animals timorously.

There is Juno, satin-skinned and proud of bearing, arching her graceful neck, and gazing pensively at the company with her ox-eyes, pawing the ground a little with one delicate hoof, as if eager to take flight. And here is Sibyl, looking her prettiest, a small slender prettiness, in neatly fitting riding-habit, and hat poised at exactly the right angle.

Sir Wilford is at hand to mount her, and there is the usual careful adjustment of stirrup and skirt, curb and snaffle.

"I wonder which is my horse?" says Marion, with an appealing look at Mr. Stormont.

"Which is Fixture, boy?" asks Fred of an attendant lad.

"This here, Sir," answers the youth.

"This here" is the animal in his charge, a tall brute, with a neck a yard long, and, in the language of the stable, too much daylight underneath.

"Good gracious!" cries Marion, appalled at the aspect of this animal; "am I to go up there?"

"He's a big one, isn't he?" responds Fred. "Capital stride, I should think; get over plenty of ground in his gallop. Looks like an old steeple-chaser, doesn't he?"

"He looks very dreadful," says Marion, dubiously.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of him. He's steady enough, depend upon it. Sir Wilford's head man wouldn't put you on an unsafe horse."

"I hope not," murmurs Marion. "But you'll take care of me, won't you, Mr. Stormont?"

"I'll do my best," answers Fred. "Ah, here's the Dutchman—rather fresh, I'm afraid."

This last remark has reference to an uncouth attempt of the Dutchman to back into an adjacent shrubbery, on being dragged out of which he entangles himself clumsily with the other horses.

The drag and barouche have driven off by this time, and every body is mounted except Marion and her swain.

Mounting Marion upon Fixture is not the easiest operation in mechanics. She gives a tremendous spring, but always at the wrong moment; and after two or three false starts she is hoisted to a level with Fixture's saddle, only to remain there suspended in mid-air until allowed to slide gently to earth again.

"I'm afraid I'm not a good hand at mounting a lady," murmurs the patient Frederick, after he has made himself almost apoplectic in the endeavor; and now an experienced groom comes forward, tells Marion exactly at what angle to put her left leg, and throws her up into the saddle as if she were a ball.

"Gracious!" she exclaims; "I'm here at last; but oh, how high it is!"

She surveys the earth beneath her with a sense of awe; it is like being on the mountain-tops, and not half so safe. She gives a little cry of surprise when Fixture begins to move, as if motion were the last thing one might expect from a horse.

The rest of the riders have gone down the avenue, Sir Wilford riding Bull of Bashan, and keeping close beside Sibyl and Juno.

Frederick now clambers upon the Dutchman, who, to the last moment, struggles to elude his half-proprietor, as if desirous to prove that a horse can not serve two masters. Fixture caracoles gently upon the gravel sweep while Fred is mounting, but even these gentle movements strike terror to the unaccustomed soul of Marion.

"I'm afraid he's very spirited," she remarks to one of the grooms.

"Lord, mum, he's nigh twelve year old: there's none too much spirit in him. You'd best ride him on the curb, if you're anyways timid."

"Which is the curb?" inquires Marion.

The man shows her, and adjusts her reins, which she has been clutching in her right hand in an inextricable tangle.

"But do you think I can manage him with the reins in my left hand?" she asks. "It seems so left-handed, I'm afraid I sha'n't have any power over him."

"You can hold on with both hands, if you're timersome, miss; but the lighter you handle Fixture, the better. He's got a very nice mouth, and he don't stand being sawed at. Ride him on the curb, if you like, but let your 'and foller 'is 'ed."

This language is as dark as Hebrew to Marion. She has but one thought, and that is that she would fain be at rest in the barouche or the drag, nay, safe at home in the obscurity of domestic life with cross Hester and impertinent Jane. Any where, any where, off the back of Brown Fixture, who has just caught sight of some obnoxious object, and has made himself into an arch from which Marion feels as if she were sliding.

Fred has now brought the Dutchman so far into subjection as to turn his nose toward the avenue, and Fixture being clutched and jerked in the same direction by Marion, the two set out, as uncomfortable a couple as ever enjoyed the delights of equestrian exercise. When they are well out of ear-shot, the grooms and boys burst into a simultaneous guffaw.

"After this we must have some beer," says the head man. "I'm blest if I ever see such a brace o' cockneys! I ain't had such a laugh since Chrizzlemas."

Fixture proves himself worthy of his reputation, and goes down the avenue with amiable sobriety, nay, would be perfect in his conduct were it not for that brute the Dutchman, who shies at sight of a rabbit, wheels round altogether at sight of a rook, and otherwise disgraces himself by convulsive movements and collapses which disturb Fixture's equanimity, though he evidently regards them with contempt. The brown horse behaves so well, however, that when they have walked down the avenue, and emerged upon the road, Marion begins to feel quite easy in her mind, and to think that, after all, she really does dote upon riding.

But for the Dutchman's evil example, Fixture would behave admirably all the way to Tilberry, a nice level road, with little to alarm a reasonable equine mind. The Dutchman is, however, a creature without reasonableness of mind, and contrives to see objects of horror in the clearest road, whereby Marion is every now and then startled from her equanimity by a sudden bouncing of Mr. Stormont's horse against hers, a movement by which she narrowly escapes being pushed into a ditch.

"Isn't your horse a little wrong in his mind, Mr. Stormont?" she asks, after one of these encounters. "He puts his ears back in such a dreadful way, and starts and plunges so awfully."

"Only high spirit," replies Fred. "All thorough-breds do it."

"Then I think I'd rather ride an unthorough-bred," says Marion.

When they have walked for about half a mile, Frederick suggests a gentle trot, to which proposal Marion acquiesces smilingly. But the very beginning of the gentle trot makes her breathless, and she finds herself jerked about in her saddle in a most ferocious way. She holds on to the reins, however, with both hands, and endures stoutly, till Fred, in charity, reins in the Dutchman, whereupon Fixture stops as if some spring had been touched in his internal economy, and nearly pitches Marion out of the saddle by the suddenness of his stoppage.

"I'm afraid you don't quite enjoy trotting," says Fred.

Marion pants for a little while, struggling with the innumerable hair-pins which sustain her pyramid of plaits, before she can recover breath enough to answer.

"I dare say it's very nice," she replies at last; "but it jerks one, don't you think? Perhaps Fixture is not a good trotter?"

"I think if you were to rise with him, and sit a little more in the middle of your saddle, you might find it more comfortable," suggests Frederick.

"Do you think so? I'll try next time."

Fred endeavors to explain the theory of trotting, which, although he has not quite conquered the practice, is firmly impressed upon his mind.

"Now," he says, flattering himself that he has made it all clear, "suppose we try again?"

A shake of the reins makes the Dutchman lunge violently forward as if he wanted to dash his brains out upon the road, and starts Fixture in a really delightful trot, if poor Marion only knew it. She bobs up and down as if she were bathing, but when she rises the horse doesn't, and the effect is even more jerky than before. She is just beginning to despair, when the red glow of a cottage fire, shining through an open door, appalls the Dutchman's soul, and sends him into a wild canter, in which Fixture immediately joins. The horses tear along the road like the herd of swine driven down a steep place; and

Marion, frightened, but rather enjoying the swinging pace, finds herself rising in her saddle as high as any one could desire.

Inspired by the clatter of their hoofs, the brutes rush on for some distance, Fred as powerless to pull up the Dutchman as he would be to stop a steam-engine at express pace, or stay the passage of the north wind. When the horses have had enough, they stop.

"I think I rose pretty well then," remarks Marion, self-complacently.

"Just now, when you were cantering?"

"Yes."

"But you oughtn't rise in the cánter, you know," says Fred. "You must sit as if you were part of your horse; 'sit down on him and ride him,' as the jockeys say."

"Good gracious! It's very puzzling," exclaims Marion.

"All practice. You must contrive to ride more."

"Yes, I should like it above all things. Uncle Trenchard has bought Sibyl a horse. But I am not so favored."

"Ah, it's a good thing to be the favorite, isn't it?"

That canter has brought them nearly to the race-course. They overtake the rest of their party, Sibyl looking as cool and comfortable upon Juno as if she were sitting in her favorite easy-chair at Lancaster Lodge, while Marion is painfully conscious that the last hour's unaccustomed exercise has made an object of her.

"How have you enjoyed your ride?" asks Sibyl, coming to her side.

"Oh, pretty well," replies Marion, rather crossly. "I'm not accustomed to riding, like you, you know. I haven't a horse of my own. Isn't my hair dreadful?"

"It's rather rough; but that doesn't matter."

"Oh, not in the least—to you."

"How do like Fixture?" asks Sir Wilford, coming up to them.

"Very well, thank you. But I think he uses the wrong legs when he trots."

Tilberry race-course is a long strip of meadow land by the side of a river, rather a dreary scene on a gray winter's day, were it not for the carriages, horses, tax-carts, and various vehicles which enliven it, and the eager crowd on foot.

Sir Wilford and his party are the most important group upon the scene, the rest of the assembly consisting chiefly of tenant farmers and their families, with a sprinkling of the Redcastle tradespeople, and a few smart carriages belonging to the manufacturing classes, chiefly noticeable for the newness of their harness, the splendor of their liveries, and the indifferent quality of their horses.

Sir Wilford pats Fixture's neck with a friendly air, as he stands beside Marion.

"Poor old Fixture. Capital fellow he used to be six or seven years ago. I've ridden him many a time over this very course. Won a cup with him once, poor old chap. I wonder if he remembers."

"Where's the steeple, Sir Wilford?" asked Marion, looking round at the landscape.

"The what?"

"The steeple. It's a steeple-chase, isn't it?"

Sir Wilford smiles at the damsel's innocence.

"Steeple-chase—across country, you know, and all that. There's no necessity for a steeple."

"Oh, I thought you chose a steeple, and then rode straight to it, over hedges and ditches, and every thing."

"We've sunk the steeple, but we go over the hedges and ditches. There's the saddling bell. Yes, Fixture does remember."

"I wish he didn't," says Marion, nervously, as the animal pricks up his ears, and begins to curvet in a restless manner, which makes it rather difficult to hold him.

The equestrians are drawn up in a line by the side of the race-course. There are no railings to divide the course from the rest of the meadow: it is only marked out by a line of sods turned up by the spade, and a post at intervals. The timber jumps are by no means desperate, and are well guarded by furze bushes; the water jump is a muddy ditch about twenty feet broad.

"I wish you'd hold him for me," says Marion, appealing to Mr. Stormont. "He's been so dreadfully excited since that bell rang."

Fred clutches at the rein, and tries to soothe the Dutchman, who has just expressed his antipathy to a very small child in a pinafore, eating a large piece of parliament.

Fixture shuffles about a little, and then seems to grow calm. Sir Wilford and his party ride up and down, impatient for the beginning of the sport. Marion and her protector keep together by the course.

The bell rings again, louder this time. There is a gust of excitement in the very wind. The signal is given, the gayly colored jackets blaze out against the cold gray sky, the horses are off with a rush, Fixture following them.

He has stood like a statue to see them go by; then, as they passed him, he has gathered himself together, and pursued them like a maniac. The old steeple-chaser has not forgotten his trade.

There is a cry of horror from Sir Wilford and his party, a roar, half terror, half laughter, from the crowd, as Marion is borne along, her arms frantically encircling the animal's neck, her plaits flying in the wind, her shrill shrieks ringing out upon the air. She drops something at every stage of her journey. First her whip, then her handkerchief, then her hat, then one of the plaits, an artificial enrichment which she has deemed a necessary appendage to a very good head of hair. On flies Fixture, struggling for a place, feeling that he must win or perish in the attempt. Marion, with her face buried in his mane, sees nothing, knows nothing, except that she is miraculously holding on somehow, and that sudden death is imminent. The timber jump is before them, and the spectators hold their breaths, anticipating a fearful fall, perhaps a deadly one, when Sir Wilford gallops across on Bull of Bashan, and contrives to catch Fixture's bridle just as he is lifting himself to the leap.

The old steeple-chaser swings on one side and lands Marion comfortably on the turf, where she lies motionless till kindly hands raise her. She is only stunned, and comes to her senses after a minute or so, to find herself the centre of a sympathetic crowd.

"Poor dear!" says a woman; "she did hold on well, didn't she? It was beautiful!"

Sibyl is on the scene by this time, and dismounts to assist the fallen one.

"You're not hurt, are you, dear?" she inquires, anxiously.

"I don't know whereabouts it is," replies Marion, clutching her disheveled plaits, "but I feel as if I were all but killed—somewhere."

Brandy flasks are produced, and the sufferer is persuaded to take two or three sips of the spirit.

"Back all right, I hope?" says Sir Wilford, who has delivered over the excited Fixture to a groom.

"I feel as limp as if it were broken," replies Marion. "When did I fall—was it the day before yesterday, or longer ago than that?"

"My love, it was just this minute."

"Then I've had a long dream," replies Marion, putting her hand to her head; "such a long dream! I feel as if I had been riding steeple-chases on horrid runaway horses for the last three weeks."

"I shall never forgive myself for putting you on Fixture," says Sir Wilford, with a conscience-stricken air; "but I really thought he was the quietest old horse in the stable."

"Oh, I don't mind it a bit," answers Marion, who enjoys being the object of general attention. "In fact, I rather like it. It's very exciting, you know."

"Uncommonly," mutters Sir Wilford, who has had as bad a fright as he ever experienced in his life. "I thought you were done for when he came to that fence. If it hadn't been for the Bull— Well, we won't talk about it."

Here a small boy brings Marion the fallen plait of false hair, which looks something like a defunct snake as he hands it to her, whereat there is a faint titter.

After twisting herself about a little in the arms of her supporters, Marion announces that she has no bones broken, to her knowledge.

"My spine may go all wrong to-morrow, and make me a cripple for life," she says; "but I think I can walk now."

"Shall I mount you again, ma'am?" asks the groom who is holding Fixture. That quadruped is bathed in perspiration, stands like a block of wood, and droops his head despondently, as if fully aware that he has made a fool of himself. "You might ride him home safe enough, ma'am. He's quiet now."

"What, get upon *him* again!" cries Marion. "No, thank you."

"Bring her to the barouche," says Sir Wilford; and Marion is led to that vehicle, where the Misses Candonnel inform her that they have been suffering agonies of anxiety on her behoof, though neither they nor Mrs. and Miss Radnor have left their seats.

"We knew we could be no use," Phœbe remarks, apologetically; "and we should have only increased the confusion if we had come to you."

"It's such a dangerous thing to ride when one is not used to it," remarks Vinnie, soothingly. "Wilford ought to have known better than to put you on that dreadful old horse."

Marion, who felt herself a person of importance amidst the crowd on the race-course, shrinks into dire insignificance among these fine ladies in the carriage. She is screwed in, bodkin, between Phœbe and Mrs. Radnor. She knows she is looking an object in her battered hat and disordered tresses, and she can see nothing whatever of the race. The four ladies talk their usual family talk of uncles and cousins, nephews and nieces, and people they know; discuss the domestic affairs of the niece who is just married; review the prospects of the nephew who is going to marry; talk about the cousin who has just had a baby; and the unjust will of the uncle lately deceased; until Marion absolutely wishes herself away from these privileged ones; and thinks how nice it would be to be reading a novel on the parlor sofa at Uncle Robert's, the sofa wheeled cozily up to the fire, and Jenny kneeling on the hearth, toasting muffins.

"If my back *is* broken, it'll be a comfort to be a doctor's niece," she tells herself, consolingly.

It is dusk when the last race is run, and the How party turn their faces homeward. A two-mile ride in the winter twilight lies between them and kettle-drum—an excellent opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Sibyl, thinks Sir Wilford, who has found it impossible to secure half an hour of that young lady's society at the How. There she is always surrounded.

He contrives to leave the course close at her side, and to keep well in front of the other equestrians. Bull is quiet enough now, and quite content to lapse into a lazy walk, having been indulged with half a dozen tearing gallops across the level ground near the race-course. Juno and Bull step side by side, solemnly as a pair of Flemish funeral horses, which have never done any thing but "black work" since they were foaled.

It is a fine level road; a copse on one side, the moor upon the other. Wintry stars begin to twinkle in the gray; cottage fires gleam now and then across the road.

"Now is my time," thinks Sir Wilford.

"I hope you are not frightened at riding in the dark," he begins, with a gush of originality.

"Not at all. In the first place, I don't call this gray twilight darkness; and in the second place, I feel myself quite safe in your care."

"I am glad of that," says Sir Wilford. "I am very glad you feel yourself safe with me, Sibyl."

This is the casting of the die. After this utterance of her Christian name Sir Wilford feels he has committed himself to the deed. Receding now were as difficult as to go on.

"Yes, Sibyl, I am glad, for I want to be your protector all the days of my life. I want this dear little hand," taking the hand that droops carelessly at her side, with gold-handled whip lightly held. "I want this hand for mine. Oh, I think you must have seen ever so long ago that I love you! I have made no secret of my attachment, Sibyl. You are the first woman I ever met that I would care to make mistress of the How; you are the only woman I ever have asked—the only woman I ever shall ask, to be my wife."

"Oh, stop, stop, Sir Wilford! Not one word more!" cries Sibyl. "Forgive me for having let you say so much."

While he has been talking she has decided on her course. A bold step, but the only one open to her. This young man is honorable, generous-minded. She will, she must trust him with her secret.

"Forgive you, Sibyl, for what?"

"Forgive me, if you ever can. I have been so wrong. I have acted so meanly. Forgive me for not having understood you better, for not having told you the truth about myself. I have led you on, perhaps, most unwillingly, but still I may have led you on, to make this generous offer."

"Generous be hanged!" cries the impetuous Sir Wilford. "There's no generosity in a man trying to get the thing he most desires. Don't talk about leading me on, Sibyl. Of course you led me on—that is to say, you co dn't help seeing that I love you to distraction, and you've let me go on loving you. There's no leading a fellow on in that. You're like one of the stars up yonder, and just let yourself be admired. But you're not going to reject me, Sibyl? I can't believe that."

He does not believe it. Upon his own personal merits he has formed no decided opinion. He knows that he is tolerably good-looking, does justice to his tailor's handiwork, rides straight to hounds, and is free from vice. But he puts himself out of the scale altogether, and reckons upon his position and surroundings. That there is any woman in Yorkshire who would refuse to be mistress of the How and the How stables, is more than he can believe.

"You won't reject me, Sibyl?" he repeats.

"Indeed, Sir Wilford, I have no alternative. I can make you but one answer."

"And that is—"

"No."

"Oh, come! you can't mean it, Sibyl!"

"I do mean it."

"You're in love with some other fellow. Not that cur, Fred Stormont, I hope."

"If I thought about Mr. Stormont at all, I should detest him."

"Who is it, then?"

"Sir Wilford, will you keep a secret if I confide one to you?"

"Have I any claim to be considered a gentleman?"

"Yes, yes; I know I may trust you."

"Go on," says Sir Wilford, sunk in gloom.

"You know very little of my history, I think, Sir Wilford," begins Sibyl, in a low but steady voice, "although you have done me the greatest honor in your power to confer upon me. Perhaps all you know is that I have been adopted by my uncle Stephen, and that he is likely to leave me a fortune. I have no certainty that he will do so, but I have every reason to believe it."

"Yes, yes; I know all about that."

"But you do not know, perhaps, that when my uncle came from India I was absent from Redcastle. I had gone to London to get my living as a governess. It was a dreary life, and would have seemed drearier, I dare say, but for one event which happened to diversify it. I was foolish enough to fall in love with a gentleman who had as little to marry upon as I had."

"Poor child—passing fancy—romantic attachment. You'll outlive that, Sibyl."

"It will outlive me, for we contrived to make the bond lasting. Without the knowledge of any of my family I was foolish enough to get married! The man I married is the son of Mr. Trenchard's worst enemy. My only chance of inheriting my uncle's fortune was the concealment of my marriage. I have therefore contrived to keep the secret, and you are the first to whom I have ever revealed it. If you betray me, I am ruined."

"Betray you! What do you take me for?" cries Sir Wilford. "You are a married woman—and your husband is living?"

"Yes."

"And he suffers you to keep up this deception—to stoop to this meanness? Forgive me—"

"For calling things by their right names—yes, I forgive you. There are no words too hard for my conduct; and yet, perhaps, if you could measure the depth of misery I had sunk into before I made up my mind to try for Uncle Trenchard's fortune, even you might pity me."

"Pity! Yes, Sibyl, I pity you with all my heart. But I can't help despising your husband."

"Do not despise him. What I have done has been done without his knowledge or consent. He only traced me to my present home a very little while ago, and he then told me that he would repudiate me and my fortune when the day came for me to possess it."

"And yet you continue the deception?"

"Would it not be positive idiocy to abandon it just now, when the end is in all probability very near? My uncle has not many years to live."

"He looks rather shaky, poor old fellow—liver, I dare say."

"Why should I make a revelation that would be a shock to him, and do no good to any one else? If my husband really loves me, he will be true to me as I am to him, and all will be well for us by-and-by."

"And you'll secure the old man's money," says Sir Wilford. "Trust a woman for looking after the main chance."

"You despise me, Sir Wilford," falters Sibyl, humiliated.

"No, no; nothing of the kind. Only when one comes to talk of money it takes a little of the bloom off, you know. I had looked up to you as an angel—something quite ethereal, you know. And when one comes down to pounds, shillings, and pence—well, it's rather a long way to come, you know."

"You'll keep my secret?"

"Consider it buried in the deepest grave that ever was dug."

"And if you are tempted to despise, if you do despise me, as I fear you must, try to remember that you have never known what it is to be poor; that there is a depth of misery—abject fear for to-morrow's bread—the dread of being turned out of one's wretched shelter into the street—the horror of being clothed in rags—driven to the work-house. Consider that you have never known these things. I have, and my deception grew out of them. If I told the truth to-morrow, I might have to go back to all those unforgotten horrors. If I play my part steadily to the end, I may secure a happy future for my husband and myself."

"Upon my word, it's a very trying position, Miss Faunthorpe, and I feel for you with all my heart. It would have been kinder to me if you had given me a hint of the truth a little sooner, and spared me—well, spared me a very bitter disappointment. Yet I can but thank you for having trusted me at the last."

"One word more, Sir Wilford. Pray do not let my uncle suppose that you have asked me to be your wife. He would never forgive me for my rejection of you."

"I'll take care of that. He shall think me the most miserable object in creation—a male flirt—a man who dangles about a pretty woman, meaning nothing but his own amusement. I'll bear the brunt of the old gentleman's anger, Miss Faunthorpe, rely upon it; and if ever you want a friend, remember that, in spite of his disappointment, Wilford Candonnel is yours to the death!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOSE that sees another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.

Mice harm the cheese, but girls charm the he's. The same is true of their respective eating of cheese and cheating of he's.

Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heather in Argyleshire last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking, "You have a fine view here; you will see a great way." "Ou ay, ou ay, a ferry great way." "Ah! you will see America here?" "Farrer than that," said Donald. "Ah! how's that?" "Ou, just wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune!"

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "Dere is look out," he says, "which is to put out your head and see; and look out which is to haul in your head and not for to see—just contrarie."

An Englishman traveling in Ireland remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles. "Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!" "Sure, Sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."

"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can not see your ears."

TWO PHILOSOPHICAL RIDDLES.—How is it possible to proceed in two opposite directions at the same time?—By walking from the forward to the aft part of a vessel while sailing. What is the centre of gravity?—The letter V.

The man who undertook to walk against time has given up, but time is still going ahead.

The following toast was given recently: "The ladies!—may we kiss the girls we please, and please the girls we kiss!"

"I don't miss my church so much as you suppose," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsy sit at the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got any thing new on."

"There is no place like home," said a fop, the other evening, to a pretty young lady. "Do you really think so?" said the young lady. "Oh yes," was the reply. "Then," said she, "why don't you stay there?"

After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister sniffed once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' this morning." "'Deed, Sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes—"'deed, Sir, I was just ga'in' to observe I thocht there was a smell o' speerits amang us this mornin'!"

Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court-house for a license. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

"Pray, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?" "Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorisity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in a verbal profundity." "Thank you, Sir."

An old Dutchman undertook to wallop his son, but Jake turned upon him and walloped him. The old man consoled himself for his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood. He said, "Vell, Jake ish a shmart fellow; he can vip his own taddy."

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue can not be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR.

On Saturday, November 27, the remains of the late WILLIAM B. ASTOR were buried in the family vault in Trinity Cemetery. He had lived eighty-three years, but his life was so simple, so entirely removed from ostentation, his energies were so engrossed in the management of his private affairs, that almost all that was known of him by the public at large was the fact that he was the richest man in America. He never held a public office, and his charities, which were much larger than people generally supposed, were often bestowed in such a way that even the objects of his liberality did not know the name of their benefactor. The Astor Library, founded by his father, was indebted to his liberality for several large gifts in addition to the original fund of $400,000 bequeathed by JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR was born on the 19th of September, 1792, at 149 Broadway, where his father lived and carried on his business as a furrier. From a very early period of his life WILLIAM B. ASTOR was his father's principal assistant. He learned the fur business thoroughly, and acquired, too, those habits of industry, perseverance, and economy which finally made him the ROTHSCHILD of America. About the year 1812 he went to Heidelberg University, where he made excellent use of his opportunities, and became an accomplished scholar. He remained abroad several years. On his return to New York he once more entered the fur store. His uncle, HENRY ASTOR, a man of great wealth, bequeathed to him $500,000, which did not, however, tempt him to leave the fur trade. His father's increasing age and infirmities rendered his attention to the business uncertain, and finally almost the entire management fell upon the son. Out of the profits of his trade JOHN JACOB ASTOR had purchased the site upon which his dwelling in Broadway was built, and in 1835 he built the Astor House on it, and transferred the whole property to his son.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR died in 1848, at the age of eighty-three or eighty-four, leaving an estate valued at upward of $20,000,000. By judicious management this was enormously increased during the lifetime of WILLIAM B. ASTOR, whose wealth at the time of his death was estimated at more than $50,000,000. He owned, it is said, 2500 houses and building lots in New York, besides immense properties in other cities. He was always ready to buy real estate when it could be obtained at a low rate, and it was his rule never to sell any of his houses or lots. He leased the most of his lots for twenty-one years, with the stipulation that the lessee should build on them. On the expiration of the leases the buildings reverted to him with the lots. The terms of his father's will prohibited the building of brown-stone houses, as they were too extravagant. He strictly abided by this rule, and the brown-stone houses that he owned he bought as they reverted to him on the expiration of leases.

Mr. ASTOR leaves three sons, JOHN JACOB ASTOR, the eldest, to whom the greater portion of the estate descends, WILLIAM B. ASTOR, and HENRY ASTOR.

For about a year previous to his death Mr. ASTOR had been slightly failing. Although almost to the last he appeared to be robust in health, and was able to attend regularly to his business, those who watched him closely observed a growing impatience in his manner and a tendency to irritability. On Saturday morning, November 20, he drove as usual to his dingy little office in Prince Street, in which a large part of his enormous wealth had been amassed, and though suffering from a cold, gave the necessary directions to his assistants in the customary way, transacted his own business with his ordinary regularity and promptitude, and nobody suspected that he was sitting at his desk for the last time. Shortly after twelve o'clock he walked out on the steps in front of his office, and stood for a few minutes, without an overcoat, looking up and down Prince Street. On reaching home he found his cold seriously worse. He passed a feverish and restless night, and on Sunday morning the family physician was summoned to his bedside. He rapidly grew worse, pneumonia set in, and he died about nine o'clock Tuesday morning, surrounded by all the members of his own family and a few of his old friends.

WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

"BURIAL OF A MARTYR IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME."—FROM THE PAINTING BY EDWARD VAN REUTH, BALTIMORE.—[SEE PAGE 1023.]

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

A LITTLE over a year ago we gave in *Harper's Weekly* a picture of WILLIAM M. TWEED's dining hall in the warden's house on Blackwell's Island, where the retired "statesman," during his imprisonment, took his meals in privacy from the hands of a colored convict specially deputized ed together like the desks in a country schoolhouse, and the seats are hard wooden stools without backs. The food is of the plainest kind, except on holidays, when something extra is allowed. The illustration on this page represents the prisoners at breakfast. The coffee is served in large tin cups by one of the convicts, who pours it from a vessel resembling a garden sprink- and who, in the schools of vice in which they were reared, have been early and rapidly prepared for crime. Few have ever received the advantages of home training, and they are, as a rule, without trades or useful occupations; and as they are trained to no industry on Blackwell's Island, they are turned loose with no ideas as to the future, and no thought beyond to-day. The tem whereby the inmates could be made to contribute to their own support, and in the end become useful members of society. The warden of this institution has little to do with its management beyond carrying out the orders of the commissioners, and therefore upon them must rest the responsibility of changes in the plans and discipline that may in the end make it in every

PRISON LIFE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND—THE BREAKFAST HOUR.

to wait upon him. The room was spacious, well lighted, and handsomely furnished, and the table was elegantly laid out with an abundance of the choicest fare that the market could afford. To-day we give, in striking contrast, an illustration of how the ordinary prisoner is fed in the same institution. The room is a cheerless one, with bare stone floor and undecorated walls. The tables are nothing but common pine boards nailling pot. A keeper, standing on the platform before each section, closely watches the prisoners and preserves order among them.

According to a recent report of the Prison Association of New York, the number of convicts released from this institution during the year 1874 averaged 175 per month. The majority of the prisoners are boys and young men, whose ages range from sixteen to twenty-five years, report characterizes this penitentiary as one of the largest and least-governed prisons in this country, needing the most sweeping reformation in its plan, methods, and discipline. "The different administrators," continues the report, "are, perhaps, not to blame for the wrong systems which they found in existence when they came into power, but the responsibility must rest somewhere for not changing or introducing a new sys- sense self-supporting and reformatory. Another evil which has long been felt in this institution is that they have no separate head, the warden being nothing more than an under-keeper, and as his subordinates all hold their appointments from a superior and independent source, they are frequently regardless of the warden's orders or wishes, and confusion and insubordination are the natural results."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some months ago it was publicly announced that a wealthy gentleman of New York had made a magnificent donation of about five million dollars for the purpose of founding a Musical College. The name of the donor, however, was mysteriously withheld—a circumstance which induced the curious to make every effort to discover the secret. These efforts not being immediately successful, a rumor went abroad that the whole project was the fabrication of some over-vivid imagination. But recently it has appeared that the Musical College is not a myth, and that Mr. Samuel Wood, an elderly gentleman, now a resident of this city, is the mysterious endower. Certain litigations made it desirable, it was thought, to keep his name and intention a secret for a time. We understand that the idea of this College of Music originated with Dr. William Elmer, and several prominent gentlemen have assisted in bringing the matter into a practical shape. An act authorizing the incorporation of the American College of Music passed the Legislature some time ago; also an act authorizing the Park Commissioners to convey to this college a portion of the grounds in Central Park set apart for art purposes. A board of trustees has been formed, and plans begin to assume a definite shape. It is the purpose of Mr. Wood to endow the institution so munificently that the ablest masters and composers of the world can be employed, and that those who have talent, but are limited in means, may receive the best of instruction in this country.

Winter came with sudden intensity one day before it was theoretically due, and many days before it was expected in such severity. November 30 was an unprecedentedly cold day for so early in the season. The wind blew fiercely, and the mercury, which fell to nine degrees in this city, did not rise above fourteen degrees during the day. Navigation on the Hudson—to Albany, at least—closed for the season. In various sections of this country and Canada the thermometer fell to from two to thirty degrees below zero. Last year the first "cold snap" occurred on December 15, when the temperature in this city fell to nine degrees above zero, although it rose to twenty-one degrees during the day.

Mrs. Clemm, the mother-in-law of Edgar A. Poe, once said of him: "He was not only not a drunkard, he was not intemperate. For years, I know, he did not taste even a glass of wine. A cup of strong coffee would frequently stimulate him so much that he seemed like one under the influence of liquor, and a glass of wine would make him crazy. People often took advantage of his weakness to get him to talk."

Great stories are told about the preparations Philadelphia is making to lodge and feed "all the world and his wife," who are expected at the Centennial next year. One restaurant promises to provide 50,000 meals a day, and others have pledged themselves to 150,000 more. It is said one company has invested $200,000 in poultry, to be packed frozen in a White Mountain store-house, and to be forwarded in refrigerators next summer. Another firm has 150,000 hams in store for Centennial visitors. And so on.

An English sanitary journal approves of the American custom of taking a substantial meal soon after rising. It says that the stomach is then in the best condition to receive all nutritive articles, and even those kinds of food which are often troublesome to persons of weak digestion may be then safely eaten. Business matters should not intrude upon the breakfast hour.

In France, where the natural ice forms too thin for commercial uses, it is proposed to compress the thin sheets in an ordinary screw-press until one solid mass is obtained.

The Institute of Technology in Boston has opened a refectory, at which students can obtain single meals, good in quality and sufficient in quantity, at thirty-five cents each, or regular board at $3 50 a week.

As we were looking at the double-page engraving in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, entitled, "Bravo, Toro: a Reminiscence of San Roque," we were reminded of the description of a thrilling scene which we read a while ago in the New York *Ledger*. The substance of it was as follows: In the autumn of 1871 notices were posted in public places in Cadiz, Spain, that on a certain day the bull El Moro, a magnificent animal, would be introduced into the arena of the amphitheatre, and that when he had been goaded to the uttermost fury a young girl would appear and reduce him to quiet subjection. The girl who was to act this daring part was a peasant girl who had fed and petted the bull during the years of its growth. On the appointed day the vast amphitheatre was packed with an eager crowd, when, with a terrific roar, El Moro entered the arena, with eyes of fire and dilating nostrils. The picadors attacked him warily, and hurled their banderillas—small javelins intended to infuriate. When the creature had killed three horses and received eight banderillas in his neck and shoulders, the signal was given, and he was left alone in his paroxysm of wrath.

Presently a soft, musical note was heard, and a pretty girl, not more than fifteen years of age, in the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, sprang lightly into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling his name—"Moro, Moro! Ya voy!"

At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal ceased his fury and turned toward the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead, and while she sang, the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet. Then she stooped and gently removed the cruel banderillas, after which, with her arm round El Moro's neck, she led him toward the gate. Thus was beautifully shown the power of kindness.

Last September a Scotch sailor named Anderson performed one of the most perilous feats on record. He climbed the summit of the South Half Dome, in the Yosemite Valley, a distance of 1300 feet, by means of spikes and ropes. After him a few other tourists reached the dizzy height.

"Oleomargarine" was the commercial name of a product which many sanguine persons believed would supply the place of butter in the market and on the table. It was never pretended that "oleomargarine" *was* butter, and the process by which it was made was no secret. But, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, the grand error was in supposing that the products of nature can be duplicated by artificial means. "Oleomargarine" resembled butter somewhat in taste, but it was a mechanical mixture instead of a true natural composition, like butter, which can only be made from cream.

A translation of the *Pilgrim's Progress* has been issued by a native Japanese publisher. The vernacular literature of Japan is rapidly increasing.

In 1874, 255,000 tourists visited Switzerland; consequently there is need for the five hundred hotels and boarding-houses which that country contains.

In a social gathering, when music and laughter began to decline, Hans Christian Andersen would sometimes draw a paper from his pocket, and say, "Dear friends, you have had music, you have talked and joked; now I will give my talent to amuse you, and read you a story." And instantly all voices would be hushed as he began in a low musical voice, which would grow louder and deeper as he proceeded. Every thing was soon forgotten in the entranced interest in the life-like fairy tale.

"Hazing" properly belongs to the barbarous ages. And it indicates a creditable progress in the age that some of our first colleges now require some pledge on the part of students that they will refrain from the practice.

Justice appears to be summarily administered in India. Near Lucknow a landed proprietor and his servant were murdered not long ago by a band of robbers who lay in wait for them near the entrance of the village. Twenty-one were committed to the Court of Session, which convicted fourteen, sentencing four to death and the remainder to transportation for life. The Judicial Commissioner rejected all appeals, and the punishment was increased by the forfeiture of all the property of the accused.

The last week in November, Mr. Boyd, the signal observer in charge of the Portland (Maine) station, received orders to make an inspection of the new telegraph line from Warner, New Hampshire, to the summit of Mount Kiarsage, and of the signal station on the mountain. He was accompanied by Mr. E. D. Whitford and a guide. On reaching the summit the snow was found to be four or five feet deep in drifts, and the thermometer ten degrees below zero. While making the descent of the mountain, Mr. Whitford plunged into a snow-drift, at the bottom of which was a deep morass. His feet were firmly imbedded in the icy mass, and for some time the efforts of his companions to release him were in vain. At length he was actually chopped out—the guide having a small hatchet—but was so exhausted that he was obliged to be carried part way down the mountain.

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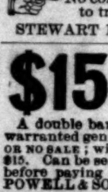

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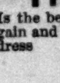

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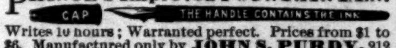

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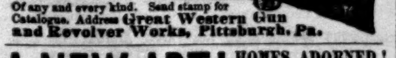

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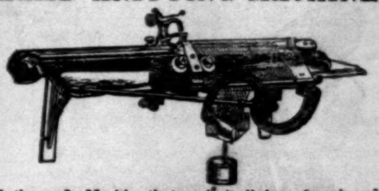

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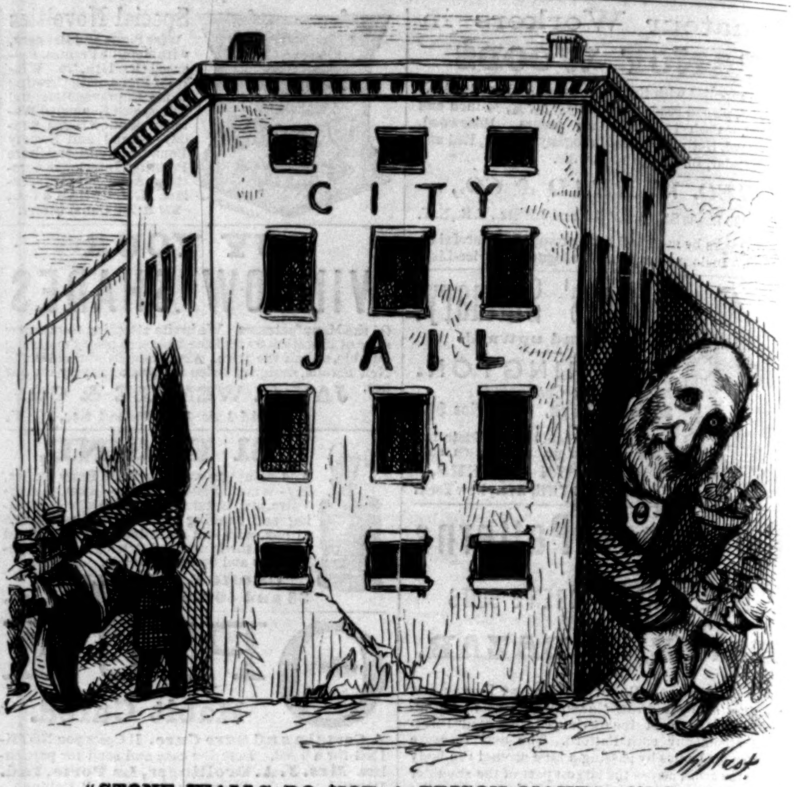

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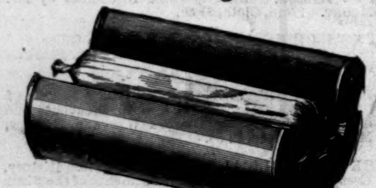

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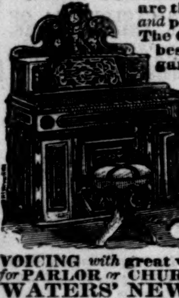

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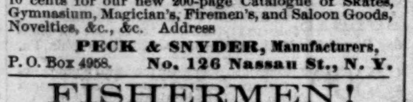

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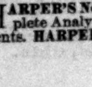

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XI.

THE RESCUE OF PEARL.

WITH these words very clear in my mind, I woke—to find that the moon had risen and that the tide was coming in fast. Straight before me, stretching almost from my feet, was a long rippling line of light on the sea, with the stars shining and playing in it—a beautiful and familiar sight. But it was not the glittering line of light on the sea, nor the shining of the stars, nor the creeping of the waves against my legs, that made me leap to my feet with something in my throat that might have been a scream, if it had not frozen before it reached my lips. Floating on the water, straight before me, in the very centre of the flashing diamond lights, was a spar, with a body lashed to it. I could not distinguish whether it was man, woman, or child; but I saw clearly enough that the spar, as it floated slowly ashore, was being sucked in the direction of the sunken rocks, against which, when it reached them, it must surely be dashed to splinters. I did not wait to see more. I ran like mad to the fire, where the two men were on watch.

"Where's the rope?" I cried. "Where's the rope?"

They stared at me, and, thinking I had gone crazed, laid hands on me.

"For the Lord's sake, don't stop me!" I said. "Where's the rope? There's a spar in the water, with a body lashed to it, and it will be dashed to pieces against the rocks if we don't save it! There isn't a moment to lose!"

My earnestness drove the truth into their souls, and they became as excited as myself. Without more ado, they roused the men who were sleeping, and we all raced wildly to the beach, dragging after us the rope which, by good luck, had been put into the boat from *The Rising Sun;* and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was standing with one end of the rope round my body and the other end held by my mates. The next moment I was in the sea, swimming toward the spar. As I neared it, I saw, by the trailing of fair hair in the water, that the body was that of a girl, and I called out—insanely enough, I must confess, for a moment's reflection must have convinced me that she could not be conscious,

"Keep up your heart, my dear! keep up your heart!"

Of course she did not answer me. There she lay, motionless, with her white face to the moon. The chill of the water was nothing to the chill that stole upon my heart when, reaching the spar, I recognized the face of the child.

"My God!" I groaned. "'Tis my Bob's friend, little Pearl!"

I slung the rope round the spar, and, throwing my arm over it, was drawn ashore by my mates, at a safe distance from the treacherous rocks. Then, kneeling on the beach, I unlashed the body, and heard my mates asking in whispers whether she was dead.

Ay, she was dead, poor little darling, there could be no doubt of it. The sight of the dear innocent child lying on the sand, white and cold and still, made babies of us all, and the tears ran down our beards.

"Come," said one, more practical than the others, "what are we standing like this for? There may still be life in the little thing. At all events, we are going to try if there isn't."

It was like an angel's voice speaking to us. With Pearl in my arms, I walked swiftly to the fire.

"Mates," I said, as I laid her with her feet to the fire, "if you've never prayed before, pray now. If we can save the life of this dear angel, it will surely be a sign that the Lord will be merciful to us in other ways. You, Starley, and you, James Bowden, kneel down and help me. You are fathers of children, and you will deal by this little one as if it were one of your own. Nay, my lads, stand aside; three of us will be enough. And if there is a drop of rum or brandy among you which you intended to keep to yourself, hand it over, for charity's sake."

With a face that rivaled the bright glow of the fire in redness, the most careless and drunken fellow in our crew, Tom Wren, pulled a flask of spirits from the bosom of his shirt and placed it on the ground.

"Bravo, Tom Wren!" said I, "and thank you, my lad. There is not much I'll not forgive you for this."

Tenderly, and with all reverence, we commenced our task of endeavoring to bring life into the unconscious body, and those whose assistance was not needed stood apart watching us with their hearts and souls in their eyes, and some of them prayed, I am sure. Around the little girl's neck was an oil-skin bag, so securely fastened that the water had not been able to get to the contents. This was the first thing I removed from her, and Tom Wren, opening the bag, called out that there were books inside. Patiently, and with all the gentle skill we could command, we pursued our task, with Heaven on our side; for we had not been at work half an hour, when Starley, with his ear to the child's heart, screamed, like a man in a frenzy,

"Her heart beats! She lives! she lives!"

"No noise! no noise!" I cried, as the men began to huzza; "you might frighten the life out of her. Fall on your knees, rather, and thank the Lord in silence for his mercy. Ah, my girl! If I had been so blessed with Bob, and if the two of you had lived—"

The eyelids quivered and slowly unclosed, and then, with a faint sigh, closed again. I mixed some water with brandy, and placed it to her lips.

"Drink, my child," I said.

She drank gratefully, and eat a little biscuit I soaked for her. We continued our task until the blood began to circulate freely, and then she opened her eyes again, and gazed before her with a vacant wonder in her face.

"Pearl," I said, in a whisper, with my face to her lips, "do you know me?"

She raised her weak arms, and I placed them round my neck. She lay in my lap, restored to life, with the warm blood flowing through her veins.

"Do you remember little Bob?" I whispered again.

"Bob!" she replied, after a pause, and speaking very slowly and softly. "Where is dear Bob? Oh! I have been so cold, and it is so warm here. Yes, mother, I won't forget. God protect those who are sailing on the sea. Oh, the cruel, cruel sea! I want to go to sleep. May I go to sleep?"

"Yes, my child."

All the men bent over us with tender, wistful looks, and some ventured to touch her face softly with their lips. I did not restrain them. She seemed to sleep, but consciousness had not yet quite deserted her; and presently her lips moved, and she murmured dreamily, in her sweet child-voice, the dear familiar prayer,

"Our Father which art in heaven—" At these holy words, falling softly and sweetly from one who had been snatched from death within the last hour, and who was now floating into a heavenly sleep, the thoughts of every man present flew back to the days of his childhood.

"Our Father which art in heaven," said Tom Wren, in an awe-struck tone; and we all repeated the words solemnly.

"Hallowed be Thy name," continued the child, more softly and dreamily still.

"Hallowed be Thy name," Tom Wren repeated, and we followed him. Silence ensued. Exhausted nature was struggling for supremacy, and between every word the child thereafter murmured there was a pause of a moment or two.

"FLOATING ON THE WATER WAS A SPAR, WITH A BODY LASHED TO IT."

"Thy—kingdom—come."

"Thy kingdom come," said we, with clasped hands, and heads bent in reverence.

"Thy will—be done—on earth."

"Thy will be done on earth."

"As it is—as it is—in heaven."

"As it is in heaven."

And with these last words, so softly uttered that they died away like an angel's whisper the moment they reached her lips, Pearl turned slightly in my arms, so that her face was hidden on my breast, and, with her arms still clasped about my neck, fell into a calm and peaceful sleep.

Tom Wren, stooping over us, his shadow stretching behind him like a weird, fantastic monster, waited for a moment or so, and then saying, "World without end. Amen!" burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Hush, my lad!" I whispered, with my finger to my lips; "you'll wake her."

He checked himself suddenly, and sobbed, "God bless her, and you, and all of us! Good-night, mate."

"Good-night, my lad. Go you, and rest. There's work before us to-morrow."

He crept to the opposite side of the fire, his monstrous shadow shrinking and melting in the deeper gloom as he stole softly away; and, lying down, he, with the others, soon were sleeping. After a time I too slept; and the stars shone on a band of shipwrecked, weary men, on whom a blessing had fallen from the lips of a little child.

XII.

MR. DRUCE AGAIN.

THE land on which we had found refuge was an island, and the waters round about, fortunately for us, were a favorite mustering-ground for seals. On the day following our landing, my first duty, as chief of the party, was to ascertain what kind of a place we were shipwrecked on, and what chances of escape were open to us. A brief reconnoitre convinced me that this would be a work of days. It was necessary that I should make myself acquainted with the nature and resources of the island, and I selected two of the steadiest of the crew to accompany me in my explorations, and told the main body of men that we should be absent for probably a week. Before doing this I had satisfied myself that those I left behind would have no difficulty in obtaining food. The rocks and shore abounded in shell-fish, and Tom Wren had already succeeded in snaring a dozen or so birds, spurred on thereto, as I rightly enough divined, by a desire to obtain something palatable and tasty for little Pearl. He, having prepared the birds, was roasting them before the fire, while I was engaged giving the men instructions as to their conduct and proceedings. Having been appointed commander, I was resolved, for all our sakes, to enforce some kind of discipline. I hesitated as to whom I should delegate the command while I was away, and my choice fell on the oldest man in the company, James Bowden. I placed in his hands the list of names I had written down on the previous night. He stared at it with puzzled looks, and shaded his eyes, and turned the paper round, and upside down.

"Can't read, perhaps?" said I.

"Right you are, skipper," he replied.

I took the paper from him, and looked from one to another; and in a comically sheepish way every man in the company strove to evade my eye.

James Bowden gave a consolatory chuckle.

"They're all in the same boat, skipper," said he. "You're the only scholar among us."

Pearl, naturally weak and low after her long peril in the sea, was lying on a bed of leaves and dry moss. A happy thought occurred to me:

"You can read, Pearl?" I asked.

She nodded, "Yes."

"Then I appoint you commander in my absence, and you, Bowden, her lieutenant. Men, I place our little girl in your charge, and you in hers."

A flush of pleasure came into Pearl's cheek, and I saw by the men's faces that I had done the right thing. The precise kind of moral restraint required by the men was now supplied through their affections, and I was satisfied that all would go well during my absence.

Before the week was out, I had convinced myself that, so far as depended upon ourselves, there was no hope. Our boat was gone, and our tools consisted of but two or three small knives, such as sailors use for the cutting up of tobacco, practically useless in any endeavor to build a boat. Our only chance lay in the prospect of our sighting a vessel, and contriving to make known our desperate condition. I directed a fire to be lighted on the top of the highest point of land near to the sea; there was plenty of wood about, and an immense pile of young saplings and branches was gradually made, with which the fire was continually fed. All precautions in our power were taken to prevent the heavy rains from flooding and extinguishing the fire, and we were so far successful that for years it was kept blazing. Faint as the hope of rescue grew as season after season passed over our heads, it was never entirely deadened. By my use of the words "for years," you will understand that a good slice of our lives was passed in this prison.

It is not my purpose to give a detailed record of our experiences during this sad time. Space will not permit of it; and if it did, and I were pressed to set them down, I should be fearful of commencing the task, knowing I have not the ability to write another "Robinson Crusoe." Only what I conceive to belong to the proper course of my own selfish story will be here narrated.

The island was rich in forest land, and for eight months of the year the climate was good; during the other four months it rained as it only can rain in those latitudes; and this was our most miserable time. In the summer the foliage was beautiful and luxuriant, and many exquisite flowers grew of whose names we

were ignorant. The woods abounded in birds, not difficult to snare, and the sea provided us with fish. Seals we caught in as large a quantity as we desired, and many a desperate fight we had with them. At certain periods they wandered in the forests, and we heard them roaring there in the nights. They never attacked us; but were oftentimes too zealous in their defense to be pleasant. We found fresh water in the creeks.

We had, therefore, good reason to be grateful; and but that we were shut in a prison, with a strong and natural yearning upon us to mix with our fellow-men, we might have led a fairly pleasant life. Some had wives and children in dear old England, and the thought that they would never see them again was maddening. As for myself, I was utterly alone in the world. Wife and child dead; my old mother also, doubtless, dead, and reproaching me in her last days for my cruelty and injustice—it was a bitter thought, that—life was valueless to me, except in so far as that life is sweet to all men. If it were sweet to me, it was a sweet misery. We were the only human creatures on the island. Our numbers grew gradually less as time progressed, and the sense of loneliness which oppressed us was terrible to bear.

I come back now to the regular course of my story. When I returned from my exploration of the island, little Pearl had entirely regained her health, and had firmly established her position as queen of the small colony. Every man in the crew worshiped her, and would have laid down his life for her. As for Tom Wren, he was not happy out of her sight, and he followed her about as a faithful dog does its master.

"I want to speak to you," Pearl said to me on the day of my return; and she placed the list of names in my hand. "Read them over."

I read through the names.

"Well," she continued, "when I call them over, as I do every day, and the men all say, 'Ay, ay, Queen Pearl!' or 'Ay, ay, Fairy Pearl!'—I like Fairy best, I think—when I call the names over, there is one that never answers. He is missing, and I want to find him."

Something in her voice struck upon my soul like the vibration of a dear and familiar tone in the time gone by. I gazed upon the little maid almost in fear; her clear blue eyes gazed frankly into mine, and she nestled closer to me.

"We'll talk presently of *him*," she said, taking hold of my rough fingers, and playing with them. "There's something else first. You saved my life, Daddy Beecroft."

"I was the first who saw you in the water, my little maid," I responded, "and I did what any of the others would have done."

"But you saved my life—*you!*" she persisted. "Only you, and I am glad. I have heard all about it. You tied a rope round your waist and swam out to me. You might have been drowned yourself. And Tom Wren says you were crying when you thought I was dead."

"They all did the same, the good fellows! We didn't want to lose you, little one. My mates have been trying to make me out better than I am."

"They are fond of you," said the child, "and so am I. Will you let me kiss you?"

"Surely, my child."

She kissed me, and the conversation was continued with her arm round my neck.

"You must kiss me," she said.

I had done so already, you may be sure, and I kissed her again.

"I was afraid," she said, casting down her eyes, "that you mightn't like to."

"How did such a thought get into your head, little one?" I asked, tenderly.

"On that dark night, on the ship, when you spoke to poor little Bob and me—"

A sob broke from me.

"I don't want to hurt you," she said, in the sweetest tone of child-like compassion; "I want you to love me, and I'll do all I can—all I can! You remember that dreadful dark night when you spoke to dear little Bob and me?"

"Too well!" I groaned; "too well!"

"You cared only to kiss dear Bob then, and I thought you mightn't like to kiss me now."

"Bob was my little boy, Pearl—my child, that I had been hunting for all over the world. You are not old enough to understand the story, my dear; and if you were, I haven't the heart to tell you."

"I understand a good deal," she said, gravely. "There, now, you are crying! So have I cried, for poor mother. Oh, she was so good—so good! I knew that poor little Bob was your little boy—the men told me. Come with me."

She unloosed her arm from my neck, and rose and took my hand. I had not yet had time to visit my child's grave, and Pearl led me now toward it. Had I visited it alone, I should have thought that an angel had come down from heaven in the night, and had worked wonders to rejoice and console me. An angel, indeed, *had* smiled upon it. It was a bed of flowers; a rude fence was round it, and at the head was a cross formed of sweet-smelling wood, with flowers entwined about it. I knelt by the grave and shed tears of grateful joy.

"Can you guess who did it?" asked Pearl, wistfully.

"Yes, my child; it was you. God bless you!"

"No, not me alone. Tom Wren found the wood—doesn't it smell sweet?—and built the fence, and I put the flowers there. He cut the cross, too."

I saw Tom Wren in the distance, and I went toward him and wrung his hand.

"Thank you, Tom," I said, "from my heart."

He nodded, and replied, "I did it for her. She's not human, like us. She's an angel." Tom Wren's eyes were wonderfully bright, and he spoke almost in a whisper. I thought his manner was somewhat strange, but I saw that Pearl was waiting for me to rejoin her, and I left him.

"We will keep it always like this," said Pearl. "Bob likes it, I am sure, and is glad, though we can't see him. When we die, we don't die quite—mother told me so, often. We come together by-and-by, don't we?"

"So we are taught to believe, dear child."

"And you do believe it? I do."

"I do believe it, dear child."

"And so does Tom Wren now. He never did so before, he says. Then I shall see my own dear mother again, and shall tell her how good you have been to me—though she knows!—and dear little Bob too; and we shall all talk of that dreadful dark night when I was thrown into the sea—but it won't be dark up there, among the stars. When mother was alive, I used to dream I heard the angels singing, and if I woke up I was sure to see mother leaning over the bed and singing softly. That is what used to bring the angels into my head. Don't cry. I want to beg something very, very particular of you."

"Say on, my dear. There's nothing I can refuse you."

"That is good of you," she said, with little pauses between each sentence. "You won't be angry, I hope. Bob is dead."

"Ay, my child."

"And it may be a long, long time before you see him again. Though he sees you, you know. And Bob's mother is dead."

"Alas, yes, my child!"

"My mother, too. Then, don't you see," she whispered, with her lips close to my neck, "that we belong to each other? I have no mother now, and Bob is gone. Will you let me be your child? I do so want to—for Bob's sake!"

What could I say but that I would look upon the little maid as my child? And the contract was sealed with kisses.

"I shall call you Daddy Beecroft," said Pearl, "and you must sometimes call me your little daughter. Bob hears us, and mother too, so you mustn't break your promise. I have a father now! I never had one before. Now, put your mouth to mine—no, no, your lips! That's right. I like being kissed. I am your little daughter, and you are my father. Mother must be glad. Shall we be here all our lives? Mr. Bowden says that no ships ever pass this way, and that we shall live and die here. Then I shall grow up to be a woman, and you will all be old men—how strange it will be! Never mind, I will take care of you. But I mustn't forget about something else. You put all the men in my charge"—she spoke now with a very business-like air—"and there's the one I've not seen, and who never answers. He is missing, the others say."

"Who is that one, my little daughter?"

"Ah, how nice it is to hear you speak like that! And I like your voice, too. But you can read, and the others can't. Have you read 'Cinderella?'"

"Yes, little one."

"Would you like to read it again?"

"I should—old as I am."

I noticed then that she had round her neck the little oil-skin bag which I had removed from her when I unlashed her from the spar, and I remembered that Tom Wren had called out that it contained books.

"I've got it here," she said, touching the bag lightly. "And another book, too. Mother tied them round my neck that dark night—my spelling-book, you know. Isn't 'Cinderella' beautiful? It's all true, every bit of it. Perhaps we shall find a prince here one day. Oh, dear! If we could get a pumpkin, and turn it into a ship! I shall look about the forest for a good fairy. There are some, I know; and I must go all by myself—all by myself—or she'll not come. Then every thing will be right. No, not every thing"—her eyes overflowed—"the fairy couldn't bring mother and Bob to life. Only God could do that."

I let her prattle on without interruption. There was a strange fascination in her voice, and but that the circumstances were different, I might have fancied it was Mabel, my wife, speaking to me, as she used to do as a child in the old cottage at Brixton. After a little while, however, I recalled Pearl's wandering thoughts to the matter in hand.

"About this man who is missing, my child. Who is he?"

"Mr. Fairley," she answered.

Then I remembered that that was the man who had danced so wildly round the fire when it was first lighted, and who had so strangely disappeared when I was calling over the names. Now, in my calmer mood, I remembered, also, that that was the name of the man to whom I had intrusted my gold on the gold-fields, and who had run away with it. His appearance answered exactly to the description I had received of him. It was because he had stolen my gold that he was afraid to meet me face to face. But I could afford to forgive him for the theft. Of what value now was gold to men in our situation? If he had the stolen money about him, he was welcome to it. All animosity toward him with reference to his knavery had died away.

But I resolved to search for him, and I did, believing myself to be in some way accountable for him, as commander of the crew. I found him after a time, living by himself in the forest; but he so persistently avoided me, flying at my approach and hiding his face from me, that I ceased to follow him. I directed my mates to keep a watch upon him, and to see that he did not want food; and I kept his secret, and did not let them know he was a thief.

So time went on, and the summer came upon us in all its beauty. The fire on the hill was kept blazing, but we never saw a ship, although a strict look-out was kept day and night. I was careful to keep the men well employed, knowing that work was the best kind of medicine for them, but they often grew weary and disheartened, more or less according to their temperaments and the nature of their thoughts. It was not long before I became as fond of Pearl as if she had been my own child, and we had good reason to bless her presence among us. She exercised a wonderful influence upon the men, and all sorts of pet names were given to her—Fairy Pearl, Queen Pearl, Doctor Pearl, and the like. But she was powerless to keep Death from us; and the first to go was Ralph Fortyman. He sickened and died within twenty-four hours.

"We shall all go, one by one," whispered Tom Wren to me. "What will Fairy Pearl do when she is alone?"

"We must stand by her, Tom, till the last."

"Ay," he answered, "till the last; and when I'm dead, I'll watch over her."

It was not the first time Tom had spoken strangely, and, indeed, his manner had formed a subject of a great deal of conversation between me and my mates. To tell the truth, we believed he had lost his wits; but if he was mad, it was a harmless madness; and so long as our Pearl had influence over him, there was nothing to be afraid of from him. It was not alone Pearl to whom he had attached himself, and who was fond of his society. It was known among us that he was in the habit of spending hours with that man of our party who had refused to associate with us—I refer to Mr. Fairley—and it was from Tom that we continued to learn of the man's safety. But this came to an end before the summer departed. I am not likely ever to forget the day on which Tom, whispering stealthily that he had something to say to me, led the way into the forest.

"Ralph Fortyman was the first," he said, when we were half a mile inland. "I will show you the second."

I followed him for another quarter of a mile, and we paused before a rude shelter, built up with branches of trees.

"Go in and look at him," said Tom.

I went into the shelter, and saw a man lying with his face to the earth. As I stooped over him, Tom whispered,

"Dead, mate. Stone dead, I should say. Number two."

It was the man known as Mr. Fairley whose face I now turned to the light. And as I looked upon that face, my eyes became filled with blood, and I shuddered with rage. No shadow of pity for the dead entered my breast; for, despite his hair and the change that years had made, I recognized in the dead man before me Mr. Druce, the villain who had blasted my happiness.

"Dead, eh?" questioned Tom.

"Ay, the black-hearted scoundrel!" I replied. "I know the reason now why he feared to meet me face to face."

I had no sooner uttered the words than I staggered as though a bullet had struck my heart. Tom, catching me, pulled me out of the shelter, and gazed anxiously into my face.

"What makes your lips so white?" he inquired, in a frightened whisper. "Did he die of a fever? You mustn't be the next to go—you mustn't be number three. Fairy Pearl loves you better than she loves me, and you and I must be the last of all."

"I am well enough," I managed to utter, though how I managed to speak the words so as to make myself understood was a mystery, for I was almost choking. "It was only a spasm. Pearl will miss you, Tom. You have been too long away from her. Go to her; I will follow you soon. Don't tell the others just yet what has occurred."

Evidently proud that a confidence was established between us, Tom nodded and walked away, leaving me alone with the body of my dead enemy.

XIII.

LOVE'S DEATH AND RESURRECTION.

Do you who have thus far read the story of my life divine the reason of my sudden agony?—an agony so exquisitely keen that I doubt if it could be excelled in the unhappy experience of any man, however terrible his lot. Mr. Druce was here before me; he had been a passenger in *The Rising Sun*; my wife and child were also in that ship. Was not the inference as clear as the noonday sun?

A black cloud fell upon my soul. All goodness, all purity, was blotted out of the world for ever and ever!

Through all my trouble and misery I had clung, with strong, yearning hands, to the rock of my wife's faithfulness. Whatever of sweetness came into my life (Heaven knows there was little enough!) after my last interview with my mother, came to me through the light of this belief in Mabel's innocence and purity. But for that my soul would have been wrecked years ago. Better if it had been; better if I had fallen; better if I had died! For now the rock to which I had clung, and on which grew flowers which had brought a sad, sweet consolation to me, crumbled away to rottenness at the sight of a dead man's face: henceforth truth and virtue were lying symbols. The waters round about that rock had hitherto been clear and bright, and in their depths I had seen mirrored the stainless soul of a pure woman, bringing to me a vision of heaven in the future. Now the waters were black and turbid, and nothing but defilement and treachery were there.

I pressed my hands upon my eyes and forehead to prevent myself from going mad. Before that occurred, I must look once more upon the face of my enemy.

It lay before me, gray and sinful even in death. I had seen the face not more than six times in my life, and each time it had brought a blight upon me; but it had never been more powerful for evil than now, when the treacherous eyes lacked light, and the lying tongue was dumb. As I gazed at it, faith, hope, religion, died utterly away, and left me a reckless, despairing man. What could my wife have seen in this villain to cause her to be false to me? The basest and meanest qualities in human nature never had a more fitting shell than the carcass of this man; and as I spurned it with my foot, I reflected with bitterness that I had not even the satisfaction of revenge. For I doubted not that if I had met him alive I should have killed him, and I experienced no feeling of gratefulness that I had been spared the crime.

As I disturbed the body, a piece of glittering metal on the ground attracted me. I picked it up; it was a sovereign; and my attention was drawn to the circumstance that the earth upon which the body lay had been newly turned over. I pushed the inanimate clay aside, and, scratching the earth with my nails, I came upon a treasure in gold. I dug it up, and calculated that the weight altogether, in rough nuggets and sovereigns, could not be less than thirty pounds. It was for this my wife had betrayed me; this was the virtue she saw in him. My dear old mother was right. Mabel's heart was as good as gold—no better; and such a poor thing as love faded in its glitter. As I ran my fingers through the pile, I derived a savage pleasure from the reflection that the worthless heap was mine, and indeed a great part of it really did belong to me. Had not the villain stolen it from me on the gold-fields? I removed it, and buried it in a secret spot; and then, moodily and with a changed heart, I walked to our camp, where my comrades were. Pearl, seeing me approach, ran toward me, with a glad look in her eyes, and raised her face for the expected kiss. From the impulse of habit, more than from any feeling of affection, I stooped, and was about to embrace her, when the likeness in her to my false wife so jarred upon me that I pushed her aside roughly, with something like a curse upon my lips. Fair face, like Mabel's; fair hair, like Mabel's; blue eyes, as hers were. Had the girl been black and ugly, I might have tolerated her, although I felt I was no longer capable of love; but her beauty made me loathe her. Heaven forgive me for my thoughts at that time! My heart was filled with hatred toward all mankind.

I strode toward my companions.

"A man lies dead yonder," I said, in a tone so hard and morose that they stared at me in wonder and dismay. "Tom Wren will show you his body. I suppose you will choose to bury him, though by rights he should be left to rot where he lies. But there's no such thing as justice in this world, nor in the next—if there is one. And look you, I resign my command. You may look upon *me* as dead, for I shall never come among you again."

They threw their arms about me, saying I had been a faithful friend to them, and the one upon whom they most depended; but I beat them off, as much with savage words as with savage blows; and as I fled from them into the forest, Pearl's sobs were the last sounds I heard.

All that day and night I wandered alone, brooding over my despair, and lashing myself into delirium. A terrible wakefulness was upon me, and I was imbued with a dangerous strength. I spoke aloud, and threatened all nature, raising my pigmy hands savagely against the bright clouds in the day, against the peaceful stars in the night. I plucked the

flowers and crushed them vindictively; I broke great branches from the trees and tore them into shreds, believing they could feel, and exulting in the belief.

The sun rose again, and my madness was not spent. I neither eat nor slept. The stars came out again, and shed their pitying light upon me. But why prolong the description of those dread hours? It agonizes me now to think of them, and I humbly hope I have atoned for them by prayer.

Nature conquered me in time, and I sunk exhausted to the ground. I had no wish to live; and it was merely the unconquerable instinct of hunger that caused me, as I lay in a stupor, to pluck some leaves and place them between my teeth. That they were bitter to the taste made no impression upon me. Chewing them, I fell into a deep sleep.

It was at this period of my life that I lost count of time, as I have elsewhere said. How long an interval passed before I was sufficiently conscious to take note of actual events I have never been able to discover, notwithstanding the efforts of my friends. And consciousness came so gradually, and the struggle to assert itself was so prolonged, as to add to my confusion in this matter. Minutes that were like weeks, weeks that were like minutes, passed by during this crisis in a strangely sweet manner. I was so weak and helpless that I could scarcely move, and so composed and restful that I did not wish, and even feared, to do so, lest a change should take place in my condition. The first thing I remember is that, opening my eyes languidly, I saw the sun shining through a roof of loosely twined branches; the next, that after an interval of a moment, or a day, or of many days, I saw the stars shining through them. No sound disturbed the delicious stillness. Then came another impression, often repeated, of my lips being touched by food and liquid, which I took unresistingly. Did I then begin to hear whispers, or was it the murmuring of the breeze through the shelter of my leaves and branches? But an actual voice did come to my ears.

"I am so glad, Tom! I am so glad!"

And on another occasion:

"Hush, Tom! We mustn't wake him."

And, further on, words to the same effect, tenderly and lovingly spoken.

I believe that weeks must have passed before I associated the speaker with the words; but the time came when I was fully aware that I was not dead, as I had sometimes imagined myself to be. Then I knew that I was still on the island which had afforded us a refuge, and that Pearl and Tom Wren were my attendants. Yet this knowledge did not come without confusion. I awoke one day, and saw the child and the man. Tom, sitting on the ground nursing one of his knees, was staring with all his might and main at Pearl, who was reading in a low, sweet voice from a little torn book:

"A ball was given by the king's son, and Cinderella's sisters were invited. But Cinderella was forced to stay at home in her chimney-corner, while they were enjoying themselves at the ball. 'Oh!' said the poor girl, 'how I wish, I w-i-sh—' 'What do you wish, my dear?' said her godmother, who at that moment came in. 'You wish to go to the prince's ball, now, don't you?' Cinderella at once confessed the truth. 'Well, well,' said her godmother, 'and so you shall, my darling, if you continue to be a good little girl.' So Cinderella's godmother, who was a fairy, at once, by a stroke of her wand, transformed a pumpkin, six mice, a rat, and six lizards, into the most splendid carriage, with horses and servants, that ever was seen. Cinderella was fairly lost in wonder, when her godmother again waved her wand, and she became dressed in the most beautiful clothes, ornamented with most rare and costly jewels. Oh! how lovely Cinderella thought she looked, when she saw in the mirror the wonderful change the fairy had made in her! Her godmother also gave her two little glass slippers, and told her not to stay at the ball later than twelve o'clock, for, should she do so, her carriage, horses, and servants would again become a pumpkin, six mice, a rat, and six lizards, and she, too, would be changed into her former self. Cinderella promised to be punctual, and started off in her carriage to the ball."

Pearl paused here to take breath.

"And it's all true?" said Tom.

"Every word of it," said Pearl. "Hush, Tom!"

A movement on my part caused her to turn toward me, and we gazed at each other in silence for a few moments. Pearl turned white and red, and Tom sat nursing his knee, watching us both very intently. Presently, Pearl came to my side.

"Are you angry with me still?" she asked.

"Angry, my child!" I said, very slowly. "What have I to be angry about?"

Tears came into her eyes. "You will kiss me, then, Daddy Beecroft?"

She laid her face close to mine, and put her arms about my neck.

"You will soon get well now," she whispered.

"I have been ill a long time, have I not, my Pearl?"

"A long, long time. And you will come among us again? Say you will."

"Mayhap, my child, but not yet. When I am strong enough."

"We'll soon make you strong, Tom and I. You must thank Tom. He built this place, and he has been with me every day. We have all been so sorry for you. You haven't any more wicked thoughts, have you?"

"Let me think, dear child. Things are not clear to me yet."

I strove to recall what had taken place, and gradually during my convalescence my memory returned, and with it the dark, morbid thoughts that had been almost fatal to me. I battled hard against them. I knew my danger, and knew also that I was not strong enough, unaided, to gain the victory. I looked about me for help, and I found it at my side in the pure spirit of a child. Pearl saved me from myself. She nursed me with such gentleness and tender love, that my heart would have been stone indeed had it resisted her sweet influence. She must have had an instinct of my peril, for she left me only for an hour each day, and she slept beneath the same roof. And one night she wooed me to prayer, and we said "Our Father" together. Then it was that my heart became truly contrite, and as I bedewed my pillow of leaves with grateful tears, I felt that I had learned the lesson of humbleness and submission to Him whose mercy endureth forever.

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Understand me. I believed my wife to have been false to me; but she was dead, and, with better feelings stirring within me, I dared

"ONCE UPON A TIME."

not lay her sin against all my kind. This was the result of no goodness in myself; I was ready enough to condemn, but a child's pure heart and simple spirit had softened and chastened me. I had not yet seen any of my companions, with the exception of Pearl and Tom Wren. Words which I had repeatedly dropped in my delirium had been construed by my nurse into a fixed determination not to meet them; and even now, notwithstanding my promise to Pearl, the reluctance to rejoin them was very strong. Pearl urged me gently.

"I want you to help me so much!"

"Help you, dear child! In what way?"

"I keep a school," she answered, with a merry little laugh. "Think of that! You remember when you gave the paper to Mr. Bowden he could not read, and none of the others could but you and me. Now some of them know their letters quite nicely."

I gazed in delight and amazement at her flushed, bright face.

"How do you teach them, dear child?"

"I have only two books. On that dreadful night mother put them in an oil-skin bag round my neck. Here they are."

She placed the books in my hands. One was a torn primer, the other a child's copy of "Cinderella."

"You were reading 'Cinderella' to Tom," I said.

"Yes, Daddy Beecroft," she replied, with another merry laugh; "and, do you know, he goes all about the forests looking for pumpkins! He says he will be sure to find some, and that one shall be turned into a ship, and another into money, and others into other things—all for me, Daddy. Tom is very good; next to you, I love him best. You *will* come, won't you?"

"Let me have my own time, my dear," I said; "I will come one day, but I have still some rebellious thoughts to conquer. Is the signal-fire still burning, Pearl?"

"Yes; but we have never seen a ship."

XIV.

CINDERELLA ON THE ISLAND.

On a beautiful spring morning I took advantage of Pearl's absence, and went into the woods for the first time since my sickness. I was almost well, but not quite strong yet, and I walked slowly to the spot where I had last seen my enemy, as he lay before me, dead and cold. A grave was there, and by that I knew my mates must have buried him. "Let him rest," I thought, more in sorrow than in anger; "he can work no more mischief now." Then I turned to the place where I had buried the gold. It had not been disturbed, and I covered it again carefully, resolving that if, by God's mercy, we were rescued, I would take as much of it for my own purposes as was properly my own. For the rest, my mates should decide what should be done with it.

My next visit was to my little Bob's grave, and I noted with grateful feelings how carefully it had been tended during my sickness. The flowers blooming there were a better sermon than any that man could preach, and I blessed Pearl in my heart for her love and thoughtfulness.

These signs of love, no less than the sweet, pure air, refreshed and strengthened me, and I strolled through the woods again, thinking of Pearl and her school with affectionate curiosity. Soon I heard voices, and I went toward them. Surely enough, there was the school, in a small clearing, surrounded by trees. My mates were there, and Pearl in the midst of them, holding a book. Concealing myself behind a tree, where I had a clear view of the scene, I listened to what was going on.

Six of my mates were present, all of them deeply interested in the proceedings, and with such expressions on their faces as denoted that a knotty point was being discussed. Tom Wren, to my surprise, looking somewhat rebellious, was seated on some stones which had been built up to form a seat, and Pearl was leaning over his shoulder.

"Now, Tom," said Pearl, "I have told you a hundred, hundred times, and you're a bad boy. Here it is—A. A is the first letter. Mr. Bowden, please to say your alphabet."

To my infinite amusement, Mr. Bowden, who could not have been less than sixty years of age, instantly stood up, and, in as awkward a manner as any new school-boy could exhibit, went stumblingly through the alphabet. He made a few mistakes on the journey, and was gravely corrected by his mates, who themselves were more often wrong than right.

"You see, Tom," said Pearl, holding up a reproving finger, "they all know better than you. A is the first letter, and O is in the middle."

But obstinate Tom shook his head.

"Stand up, Sir!" cried Pearl.

Tom stood up so readily and meekly, and the other men looked on so apprehensively, that it would not have surprised me had the fascinating little school-mistress peremptorily desired him to hold out his hand to receive six for his contumacy. And Pearl really did have something in her hand that looked like a cane; but she made no use of it on this occasion.

"Once more, Tom," said Pearl, as the bad boy of the school stood submissively, and yet with an air of dogged independence on him, before her, "what is the first letter of the alphabet?"

"O," said Tom, very decidedly.

"A, Sir—A," cried Pearl.

"O, Queen Pearl, if you please."

"Then I suppose," said Pearl, condescending to argue, and thus in a measure weakening her authority and strengthening Tom's position, "you will say that B is not the second letter."

"It is *not*, Queen Pearl," replied Tom, boldly.

Pearl gazed at him in wonder. I saw the imminence of the crisis, and waited in curiosity for the result.

"What *is* the second letter, then?"

"N."

"And the third?"

"C."

"Ah, you've got that right, then. C is the third letter, and D is the fourth."

"No, Queen Pearl, it is E."

Queen Pearl stamped her little foot, and Tom looked as grieved as though he were about to be condemned to instant execution; but he had the courage of his convictions, and he held his ground manfully.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Pearl, with a comical air of helplessness, "I really don't know what is to be done with such a bad boy as this!"

"Queen Pearl," said Tom, himself coming to her rescue, like the sly dog he was, "what do you say to the other school-boys settling it?"

"There's nothing to be settled, Tom. If they tell you you are wrong, you will still be obstinate. You heard Mr. Bowden say his A B C. He didn't say O N C."

"It isn't you that's wrong, Queen Pearl," persisted Tom; and, knowing how he loved Pearl, I marveled at his firmness; "it's the book. Look here, mates—I'd lay down my life for our Queen, wouldn't I, now?"

Simultaneously with their "Ay, ay, Tom, that you would; and so would we," Pearl took Tom's hand, and said, "You foolish, obstinate boy! I'm not angry with you, but I want you to learn. How can the books be wrong?"

"I didn't say the books," and Tom retained Pearl's hand lovingly in his; "I said the book. We've only two. Give them to me, please, Queen Pearl. Well, then, mates, this is how it is. Here's the two books, and they don't agree. Which do we like best? This?" He held out the Primer. "Or this?" He held out "Cinderella." "Which is the best book of the two, and which is the book to go by? Who holds up his hand for 'Cinderella?'"

Every hand was held up.

"And who," continued Tom, proving himself a rare logician, "holds up his hand for the Primer, as Queen Pearl calls it?"

Not a hand was raised. Tom chuckled. It was evidently a matter which he had pondered over deeply.

"Well, then," he said, "look at the first letter in 'Cinderella.' What is it? O. And the next? N. And the next? C. And the next? E. There you are, then. O-n-c-e, once. 'Once upon a time.' That's how it is. The man that wrote this Primer made a mistake. And the man that wrote 'Cinderella' is the man to go by, and here's three cheers for him."

Tom raised his voice lustily, and they all joined in. Even I. So that there was no mistake as to the success of the mutiny. But they raised a louder cheer when they heard my voice, and so discovered me; and Pearl herself, rejoiced to see me among my men again, gave in to Tom, and declared that he was right, and that O *was* the first letter in the alphabet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TREE AND THE SKY.

A TALL old tree on the meadow farm,
Leafless and bare and dry,
Reached out his empty, yearning arms,
And begged of the sky, with her thousand charms,
To smile on him lest he die.

She covered her face from his longing gaze,
And a cloud concealed her smile;
But under the cloud and the mist and the haze,
With an April sky's most wanton ways,
She watched him all the while;

All the while, till, sick at heart,
Not knowing the love she bore,
He cried, "Oh, pitiless that thou art,
Look on me once ere my life depart,
And I will ask no more!"

Was it a tear or a whispered vow
That fell from the face of the sky?
Perhaps the blossoms that cover him now,
Or the birds that sing on each leafy bough,
Can tell you better than I.